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AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE VOLUMES

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Cover photo: Victor Arimondi

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF POPULAR GAY CULTURE

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MALECALL / Dear Sir:

DRIIMMER ELSEWHERE

Some attention in Tetters to the Editor' sections of other gay publications has been focused on Drummer latelymainly brought about by the nowinfamous Nazi parody we published in Drummer No. 45. Most of it has been typical: mundane cries of distain over how Drummer has allegedly offered fascism as an alternative to proper social behavior. But an exchange of letters in the Boston Gay Community News (an exemplary publication that has recently suffered its own scandal over an article it published on nude beach lifestyles and illustrated with photographs of nude young men) caught our attention. The two letters, reprinted here, sum of the main of the controversary. The initial letter writer followed a pattern of similar complaints: politically-correct diatribes written by people who were neither Drummer readers nor themselves involved in 5&M as a sexual expression. The letter in response, which appeared in the following issue of GCN, represents the other perspective-and comes from outside the Drummer staff-a point that reinforced our desire to present it in these pages. The letters both refer to an earlier letter by someone signed 'satva littlehear'-who has written a number of letters to numerous publications about this issue, not one of which was sent to Drummer

QUEER IS NOT ENOUGH

Although I had never even heard of Drummer magazine until reading satva (littlehear's) letter in Gay Community News. I too am appalled that a Nazi fantasy story would appear in a gay publication. I felt the same gut-level disgust upon learning that a local gay paraphernalia store was peddling, of all things, Nazi helt buckles

There is a live-and-let-live side of me which says that if gay men and lesbians want to explore SM as part of their personal growth, that's their business, I also support keeping the movement media totally open for a discussion of SM and other controversial issues. For people whose lives have been denied expression-censored-by heteropatriachy for so long, it is alarming to see the level of censorship being practiced in lesbian and gay communities on various issues in recent months. I am reminded of the adage, "Today's slave is tomorrow's tryant."

Several years ago, I was prompted to

take a closer look at SM after discovering that a man I went home with from a har was into SM. When I confronted him about why he didn't have the courtesy to tell me about this before we went to his place, he replied that he "just assumed" I was into the M part of the scene based upon my body language and other signals I was sending out, albeit unsonsciously. After setting the matter gaily forward. I clicked my heels and split

In raising my consciousness about it all. I have become increasingly aware of the extent to which SM is acted out and an accepted part of many of the social political, personal, and business interactions of the society at large. Though different in degree, sadomasochism in the church, workplace, Pentagon, or bedroom is ultimately no different in kind. Whether pursued by those with political consciousness or not, a rose is a rose is a

Even though my information is based upon reading the works by and about those into SM. I never lose sight of what I see as its central ingredient: the power dynamics of master/slave. Always keeping that in mind, it comes as no surprise then, that a SM (publication) like Drummer would eventually devote coverage to that same set of dynamics as it was so well acted out and perpetuated by Nazi ideology.

However, assuming that Drummer has no sensitivity to satva's relatives and the millions of other lews who were victims of Nazi atrocities, one would think that at this late date there would at least be some consciousness about the thousands of gays who were also butchered by the Nazis. Obviously not.

To paraphrase satya's position, being queer is NOT enough basis for unity among lesbians and gay men. Regardless of how much many of us would like to believe otherwise, the reality remains that there are gay men and lesbians who are fascist collaborators. Contrary to the politically correct" line upheld in many movement circles, we are not all on the same side. I no longer buy the idea that oppressive gays and lesbians are somehow "not the real enemy". An oppressive attitude or action expressed by a lesbian or gay man is just as real as it is when delivered by straights. To me, the "enemy" is anybody who gets in the way of allowing us to develope our full human potential.

Dan Collier

IN THE VANGUARD

Dan Collier's letter concerning S&M. Drummer magazine and Nazi fantasies in porn stories must be answered. Collier admits never having even heard of Drummer until this summer as well as having no first-hand knowledge of S&M except through readings he had done This allows Collier to make such erronerous statements as "sadomasochism in the church, workplace, Pentagon, or bedroom is ultimately no different in kind" and "Whether pursued by those with a political consciousness or not, a rose is a rose is a rose.

There are essential differences between gay male S&M and the power dynamics that occur in the church and the state. Perhaps the most important difference is the fact that men involved in S&M are involved in an activity they consent to and appreciate as a vital way of exploring issues of power, control and trust. The violence of the state is not something most of us consent to or appreciate. By maintaining a simplistic view of S&M, Don Collier is able to feel comfortable implying that S&M men are perpetuating the power abuses inherent in capitalism, patriarchal religion and militarism. This is not true.

"The editorial line of the magazine has been consistently progressive and insightful, exploring both the value of specific gay male sexual practices and the importance of gay people becoming political (in every way)."

Satva Littlebear who first raised the issue of Drummer's use of Nazi fantasies in its magazine has made an important contribution to the discussion of issues of pornography and S&M. It is essential that men who value pornography hold writers and editors responsible for values reflected in their publication. Drummer magazine, which I believe makes a valuable and radical contribution to gay male culture, does have its flaws, most obviously its inclusion of racist, homophobic and anti-Semitic sexual fantasies without delving into the issues raised by the publication of such stories. If many men do have fantasies of a particularly powerful and controversial nature-Jews who fantasize about being tortured by Nazis, Black men who seek the slave role in an S&M scene, gay men who dream of being humiliated by straight men-these issues must be discussed and analyzed. Simply catering to the fantasies is inadequate and dangerous. The personal/political ramifications must be explored in a pubic forum

It is important to state that Drummer is the only gay male porn glossy with substantial space for political discussion of sexual matters. The editorial line of the magazine has been consistently progressive and insightful, exploring both the value of specific gay male sexual practices and the importance of gay people becoming political (in every way). Furthermore, ample space is given to letters from readers who often hold the editors responsible for weaknesses in the magazine. Two issues ago (around #45) a discussion of the lack of photographs of Black men was started. The issue of ageism and intergenerational relationships has been debated in the letters column and the editors have responded with increased coverage of older gay men. Finally, Drummer has, since its inception, devoted more space to prisoner ads and news about prisoner's rights than any other gay publication (GCN is beginning to catch up). To depict the men who put out the magazine as our "enemies," as Collier writes. is to be ignorant of the magazine and its history

I'm glad Don Collier is thinking about issues which men address in S&M, even if I disagree with his analysis. More men need to think about these things. Ultimately, however, I believe that the targeting of specific gay male sexual practices, as Collier does with S&M, as the sites of abuses of power through male sexuality is a dangerous thing to do. It places the onus of power abuses on sadomasochists and allows men who do not enjoy such practices to feel that they are not susceptible to abusing power. All sexual activity between gay men must be looked at critically for abuses of power. It may be wielded in a regressive manner between two men who have never worn leather, used handcuffs or licked boots. It may be played out destructively when two men of the exact same age, class, race, and religion are fucking and sucking. And, it is my belief that leathermen, and Drummer magazine, are in the vanguard of exploring in a progressive way the issues of power, trust, responsibility and masculinity that surface in relationships between gay men. Eric Rofes

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DRUMMER 7



There was a time

when Slave Auctions were all the thing. In the pre-Civil War South they were an important center of commerce, manpower, even a social setting where the good old boys could meet their peers without the annoyance of the ladies being along. There was good humored bantering, the showing off of one's property, some cut-throat bargaining and the pride of ownership of valuable stock, which could be mortaged, resold, breed or worked to make a profit. The same could be said for any ivestock auction, but the selling of slaves was far more interesting to most. The merchandise was stripped for examination; the females, if pregnant, were not put up until it showed for sure. It was getting two for the price of one.

The males were examined for their musculature, their subservience, intelligence, and for signs of punishment to show what had been their treatment and behavior. However, in America it became not only unfashionable but illegal to own slaves when the thirteenth amendment

came into being.

These days it is difficult for the would-be slave to find himself a block to stand on and be disrobed for an audience of buyers. It has been two years since Drummer reported on the regular auctions at The Arena in San Francisco. Held every Wednesday night, the event was filled to overflowing after the Drummer article. However, there were also the Alcoholic Beverage Control folks to contend with and complete nudity, among other things, could not be permitted. But a good time was had by all and many a slave found himself a new Master and vice-versa.

One of the slaves (above top) kept getting an errection, which increased along with the bidding. The Slavemaster fought valiently to get it to go down, but only made it moreso. Auctioneer Marcus discreetly ignored it as would any gentleman.

Next the Slavemaster pours a little hot wax on a slave to show how well disciplined a good slave can be. The jock strap was thrown to the crowd after the bidding reached an interesting

Bottom: a young Isave came complete with studded collar and titring. Mercus pointed out the opportunities for shaving.













However, The Arena went in other directions and the auctions became a thing of the past.
Then the Bulldog Baths came on the scene with their once-a-month

Slave Auctions. Since they serve no alcohol and are a private club, the presentation is far less inhibited. The coin of the realm is playmoney issued for purchases at the Bulldog. And a number of men with often pool their resources to purchase a particularly appealing slave. In fact, the higher the bidding (sometimes over \$300,000) the







Above: the shackles are stitiched after the sleve is stripped, first the ankles then the wrists connected together either in the front or back. Next comes a collar followed by a little tit and paddle work. Below, the sleve humbly licks the Savemater's boots as the paddle is applied lightly but generously. Finally in a squatting stave's owner lint his property for the sevening and collected him up before he went home the next morning.

more likely that the slave will have a conglomerate of masters to serve for the evening.

Drummer sent a photographer, a reporter and the publisher (who insisted on auctioning off the reporter) to the most recent one and beheld the Emperor Marcus doing the auctioneering assisted by a no-nonsense top man who put the slaves through their paces. There was standing room only clear up to the second floor jail cells—and a lot of maleflesh traded hands.

DRUMMER 11







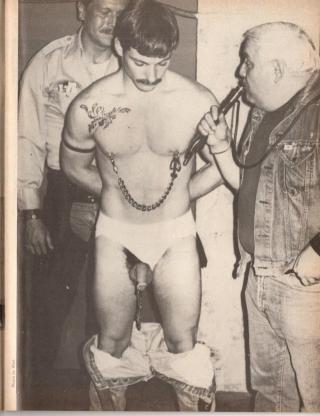


Above: the prospective slave is 'strip-searched' police style as his ass is shown to an approcla-tive audience. Next the Stevemaster shows the better points of another ass with his crop. Finally a nude, hot-waxed, shackled slave shows the bidders his wares.

Next page: a tattooed slave's stripping begins as Marcus points out the decorating possibilities using the Christmas tree approach. The slave keeps his eyes properly lowered as his better qualities are pointed out. Bidding was fast and furious.

held each month and a schedule for them can be obtained by contacting them, not us.

We still haven't figured out what to do with all those slaves in our basement we got by scratching our ear at the wrong time during the auction.



THE PASSING POSTER PARADE



Posters seem to be the alter ego of many institutions, and events. Bars and baths long gone are remembered by, if not their successes or failures, the posters they leave behind that become Collectors' posters they leave behind that become Collectors' recently gone bars or even have a few of long or recently gone bars or even have a few of long or recently gone bars or even have a few of long or recently gone bars or even the long of the poster involved renews the memories of what was. The collection above is from one wall of the Trench bar in San Francisco, an endangered species itself. Posters from former establishments; fill its walls and ceiling.

At the right we have an interesting approach from the Ballpark in Denver. In royal blue with a red and

white outline, it is simplicity itself.

On the next page are three by Randy West clockwise for the Phoenix MG at the defunct Black & Blue bar, next for the newly closed Cave (soon to reopen), and the hot new L.A. Lineup, now packing them in. Lower left was for a party by Folsom Fantasies. The Lineup recently had a showing of Randy West originals which sold out, Mr. West is the master of several techniques, but is now majoring in airbrush.

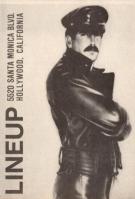


COME TO SOUTH OF MARKET Phoenix at the Black & Blue

PRIS. BEER, FOOD H . 730 TE 1030 . EIGHTH 6 HOWARD THREE 6 A HAU DOLLAS DOMETION AT THE DOOR













At left is a poster for Head Products by Bill West, creator of "Drum." It is available from Head in North Hollywood, California.

Above left is an FFA poster by Jacket which is no longer available with the closing of Eons Gallery in December 19 to 19

From Denver again comes a simple effective photo design from the Triangle Lounge, photographer unknown.

At the right is a winner by Rex for Faust Leder Leatherwear in San Francisco. Although the store has yet to open the poster has been in existence for some time and is fast becoming a collector's item.

This, for now concludes our West Coast Poster Parade. Next the Midwest and/or East Coast followed by International posters. Send your entries to DRUMMER's Art Director at the address in the front of the magazine, dummy.



HARDWEAR



FAUST LEDER

DRUMMER 17

THOUGH GOLDEN SHOWERS MAY COME YOUR WAY

THE
NEXT-TO-LAST
TABOO
MAKES ITS CASE



WS. Piss, Urine. Used or recycled beer, Yellow sonov. Toilet water. Latrine duty. A golden shower by any other name would be just as wet and just as potent a flow of energy from one man to another. In fact, it can be argued—and it often is—that water sports is the ultimate act of sexual exchange between forces who was center of concentration is

In India today there exists a monument as tall as a three story building, a stone carving of a lost diety, naked, his uncut phallus hanging a good three feet down from his hairless groin—where every day women come to stand under it and be blessed with a downpour of male urine said to guarantee fertility. The rite, like the statue, is ancient, time out of mind. The practice continues.

But before you throw up your hands in shrieks of "health hazard," consider this: drinking one's own urine is the only way to survive in the wasteland where water is a mental acist—and no only way to survive in the wasteland where water is a mental acist—and no desert with his own piss. In fact, a recent lost pair of Southern California dudes that included a CHP made their way through the sands of Baja by drinking het own urine. (If they drank each othernoon the same of the control one is saying because that would not be suffered to the control one is saying because that would

no one is saying because that would open up a whole new gallon of brev!)
And according to a highly placed llama from Tibet, a glass of your own urine is the best way to reach Nirvanna. There is even rumor that Gandhi drank his recycled water, and look at what a terrific weaver he turned out to be.

None of this will you find in the Boy Socul's Manual. Nor will it mention that when you grow up to be a big, bad Marine your D.I. will inform you that pissing on your toes while you shower protects against athlete's feet. Of course sometimes you've got to get some other guy's head away from your toes so that the piss will actually make it all the way down.

There's even speculation that a piss rinse may cure dandruff.

THE JOY OF BATH TUBBING

Ever since Erica Jong described the toilet habits of Europeans, more and more guys have been getting into bath tubs in their favorite sex clubs for mass golden showers (for multiple mouthful rapid swallowing). In fact (and this article is full of facts), empty bath tubs have become standard hardwared in many public places.

The rules of bath tubbing are simple: there are none. Common sense says that if you get into the tub with your clothes on, chances are that they won't be dry when you come out. Bath tub etiquette

dictates that if you want to taste the nectar from the guy standing in front of you (assuming that you are the one sitting-/laying/resting in the tub), open your mouth. If you would rather he blessed your body with his golden offering, then just lay there and chances are he will.

If you're the pourer (as opposed to the drinker), then the same lack of rules apply, more or less. Walk up to the tub and whip out your watering hose. If the guy in the tub opens his mouth, then take aim and play fireman. If the guy just lays there, then play fireman anyway. If the guy jumps out of the tub, check for halarosis.

Places that don't have a tub, but have uninals, have slightly different signals and positions. If you want to taste the waters of the messengers of the gos—you can either discreetly stand by the trough like a good boy and ask in a docile voice: "Please, Sir, can I drink your piss?" or, if that's too unclosed for you, try: "Please, Sir, can I drink it?"

Always ask, and always include the Sir. Or, you can haunch down next to the urinal expecting that anyone who walks up to it, ready to bust a gut from an overdue six-pack, will understand where your yearning roams and agree by silent complicity.

End of the etiquette lesson, on to the real stuff:

I DREAMED I WAS A LATRINE

IN MY HIGHSCHOOL LETTER JACKET
I had never even thought about
drinking a man's piss until I found
myself forced to do it one afternoon in
high school.

I had been out on the school football field picking up the discarded equipment used by the football team when one of the players, a tall kid named Brian, came out and told me the team captain wanted to see me in the locker room on the double.

Brian was an ashole, at least as far as J could see he was an ashole—always picking on the smaller guys because he was bigger than they were, and always making cracks about showing his dickup their asses. Nooloty believed he'd actually do it, but nobody wanted to find out. I rited to keep out of Brian's way as much as possible, even though we were the same height, about feet, and pretty pounds. Brian just turned me off, period.

But Tom, the team captain, was a different matter. That guy could get me to do anything he wanted, and everyone knew it. Which was why I was 'selected' to keep track of the gym equipment after football practice. And clean the locker room after the guys had showered for the day. Some of the guys





used to kid Tom that I was sweet on him. Truth was, I would have given anything to suck his cock, which I had seen many times in the locker room, and which was the most beautiful cock I had eves seen—long and fat and capped with a big, dark red head. But I just didn't think to not the great opportunities I had for seeing him in the all-together by making a DBS.

Brian used to kid Tom that I must be sucking him off, elsewise how would I be so willing to do all the shit work. Tom just said to him, "Now you leave Red alone, he's a hard worker." My name isn't Red, it's Jerry. But I got

curley red hair, even around my dick, so the name stuck.

When I got to the locker room, Tom was standing by the door. 'Red, the coach is gone and there's something wrong with the toilets, they won't flush. I've told the guys not to use them and I called the superintendent, but there's no answer in his office. I have to leave, so would you make sure no nou uses the toilets' And try to give the super a call again in a few minutes, will yat?'

He grinned and I grinned back, although I had this feeling of dread in the pit of my stomach. I was going to be left alone with the rowdy football team with both Tom and the coach gone, and I just didn't like the sound of it.

Brian was stripping off his jock strap, when I went in the locker room and he looked over at me with a sneer. "Wanna suck my dick." he sneered as he waved his sausage in my direction. Truth is, if Brian had been anything but an asshole, I might have. His cock wasn't as perfect looking as Ton's, but it was awful big and fat, and a good two inches of foreskin hung down past the head of it.

I just ignored him and began putting the equipment back in the storage room, and thought about calling the superintendent.

I heard a lot of hushed whispering going on behind my back and heard someone kick back one of the toillet lids. I turned around just in time to see Ted, a tall, skinny blonde senior stepping to to a rollet stall with is long, skinny dick in his hand, ready to aim a stream of piss into the already filled foollet bowl. I will be senior to the senior to

"I can't wait that long, besides, I'm not dressed yet." Ted had turned around, a few drops of piss dripping off the end of

his flagpole-straight dick onto the floor.

"Red, clean up that mess right now!"
It was Brian, standing behind me, pointing to the splatter of piss on the locker
room floor. Just as I looked back at Ted's
dripping dick, a few more drops of urine

dripped off the end and added to the puddle. And, at the same time, I felt Brian grab my arm and twist it behind my back, his knee slamming into the back of my legs, causing me to bend down. He pushed my face down into the puddle, the piss smearing against my nose and mouth. "Clean it up, now, Red...with your mouth."

The way Brian said it, "... with your mouth" made meralize Iwasin for it. In the minute of absolute quiet, while I lay there, face smashed against the wet locker room floor, I realized that he had waited a long time for a moment like this—and that I was not going to get away unscathed. Unless, of course, Tom came back, or the Coach came back—or a policeman just happened to walk in off

If figured a little humiliation was better than letting his devious mind dream up some reprisal for my disobedience, so I opened my mouth slightly and let my tongue lap up the small circle of veteness on the floor. I expected it to taste terrible—not that I had any idea what it might taste like. It didn't taste like anything, really, just cold water.

"Look at that, lapping up that piss like a kitten lapping up milk! Give him some more, Ted, he's all through with that bunch."

Ted knelt down in front of me and aiming his long dick towards my mouth, let go with a prolonged squirt. Some of it splashed into my lips, the rest reinstituted the puddle under my face.

"Now lap that up too, Red, like a good kitten." Brian was bearing down on my twisted arm. I darted my tongue out and went after the cooling water. This time there was a little taste, not really unpleasant. In fact, I was afrald that if they turned me over the whole football team would realize that my own dick was getIf ell Brian's fingers dig into my hair and oull my head back. He graked me so

that I was kneeling on the floor, one arm still pinioned behind my back, my head pulled backward by his other hand. "Now, let him drink it right from the

"Now, let him drink it right from the source, no need for letting it get cold first."

Ted just stood up and stuck the end of his dick, which was also hard as a rock, into my mouth and let go with a steady stream of piss before I could blink an eye. I swallowed as fast as I could. As he emptied his bladder, he inched his long straight shaft into my mouth until I had about half of it down my throat, and I was swallowing as fast as I could, hoping he'd empty out before I needed air. His stream reduced itself to a trickle, then stopped, but he didn't make any move to pull out. His boner was throbbing in my mouth, and I could tell that what he really wanted was to start pumping his rod between my lips.

Text by
Terrance Sagan
Photography by
Reflex Studio
and Graven Image



"You're just supposed to give him some piss to drink, not get a blow job, Ted," Brian sneered.

Ted pulled his now throbbing, wet hard cock out of my mouth and turned red in the face. Brian obviously had other things in mind. "Okay, guys, who else needs to take a leak? We got this great toilet here and you don't even have to flush it."

I didn't believe anyone was going to ioin in Brian's perverse little game, but I was wrong. Up stepped this absolute asshole I didn't even know, except that I could see he was an asshole, and I knew he was a friend of Brian's, and that his name was Bill. He had a short, fat cock and stood in front of me with it in his hand, the slit at the end of the head open, taking aim. It was either a face full of piss or open my moth and pray the asshole could hit a target that big. I opened my mouth and he let go with a jet-spurt that landed right in the back of my mouth. A sort of cheer went up from the guys who realized what he was doing. He stood there, the stream of piss making the distance of about a foot from his pecker to my mouth. However, I couldn't swallow very well because the muscles at the back of my throat were automatically contracting against the onslaught of his urine, so the piss was beginning to run down from the edges of my lips. I did my best, but the front of my t-shirt was soaked, and it dawned on me that a new problem had arisen how do I get home with piss-stained clothes?

Bill finished his target practice and raised his fists over his head in a mock victor salute to the sounds of another round of cheers.

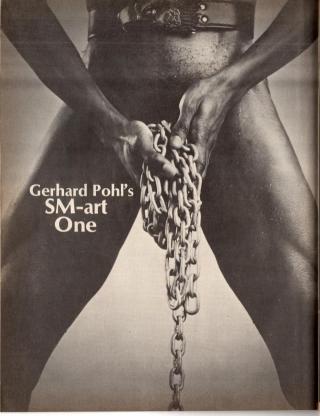
This time, no one had to wait for Brian's invitation. Two guys stepped up and looked at each other for a minute. "That's okay, he can take two loads at the same time," Brian assured the

uncertain guys. Both of them stuck their dicks in my mouth, both uncut tubes, and both let go at the same time. I didn't think I was going to make it, I even wondered if you could drown like this-but I kept up as best I could. I reached up to steady myself by putting a hand on each one of the guy's sides-and realized that Brian had let me go, but I couldn't remember when, Just as the first guy to finish pissing plopped his dick out of my mouth and I drank down the rest of the second guy's juice, I felt a hand on my shoulder. When the second guy finished and walked away. I realized that there was no one standing in front of me. The guys were all laughing and getting dressed, and popping each other on the ass with their wet towels. I turned my head around and saw Brian's fat uncut dong staring me in the face. "Now go and take a shower.Red. You

Now go and take a shower, seed. To use at the cart go home smelling like a urinal." Brian lifted me up from my kneeling position by the shoulder. I walked over to the showers and stripped off my clothes, in a daze, dropping them on the floor, and walked into the cavern of white tile and silver shower heads.

is showered for a long, long time, cradually the voices from the otherside of the wall faded until all I could hear was the sound of the running water, absolute silence. I walked over to the towel rack and grabbed down a towel, wiping the water away from my face and body. When I walked out in the locker room, it was completely empty. Except with his legs spread, his hose of a cock hanging down over the edge of the bench.

"I put one of my t-shirts with your clothes, you can give it back to me tomorrow. I threw yours in the trash. It smelled terrible." There was a faint smile on his lips. I continued to towel my hair, watching him from across the room.







BOUS BOUSEFULL

Aaron Travis' BLINDED BY THE LIGHT

CONCLUSION OF A THREE PART STORY

I waited a long time in the living room of Bill and Anne's apartment. The only light came from the blue spot in the swimming pool in the courtyard below. Blue lozenges of light wavered across the curtains in weird, changing shapes.

I began to think that Reed had gotten lost, or had an accident on the freeway. Or, worse than that, he had changed his mind and decided not to come for me after all. I wanted him so badly I could feel the need. It was a hollowness in my chest, a thickness in my cock, in my throat. I felt the blood pump inside me, heavy as mercury in the veins. I imagined it beating in time with the long languid veins that covered Reed's cock liked clinging tendrils submerged beneath the skin.

ontinued next page

Larry Townsend's RUN NO MORE

CHAPTER EIGHT

It was a couple more days before Mrs. Ledbetter finally admitted defeat. Every chance we had, one of us worked on her. We took turns going into the castle, telling her we were sure it had been a false alarm, at most a hoax. We pretended that our real reason for being in the village was for the skiing, and our investigations of the spiritual phenomenon had been purely a matter of curiosity. By our daily trips to the slopes, we convinced her that each time one of us entered the castle with her, we were actually sacrificing our holiday to help. When it seemed that she was going to weaken, we arranged for her to be alone with Alfred while all the rest of us headed for the slopes.

(Continued on page 31)

I paced the room. My cock went stiff. I pulled it out of my jeans, spat in my hand, and pulled on it. It felt good in the darkness. I opened my hand when I felt the climax approach; waited for the sensation to subside. then stroked again. I didn't want to come until I was with Reed again, until he was there to watch me and

touch me. let go of my cock. It softened immediately; the day's exhaustion poured through me like lead. I touched myself, and the thought of Reed opened a dark, bot-tomless well of energy inside me. My cock sprang up

hard as marble.

Loscillated in the darkness, from raw excitement to a weariness like death. Each state seemed to feed the other. My body was a battleground, torn, open, vulnerable, barren as a turned-up field before the seeding.

I stepped around the bar that separated the living room from the kitchen and checked the clock on the oven. Two hours had passed since I called. I stared at the phone on the wall.

There was no point in calling the hotel. I went through every step in my mind. I would press the buttons, listen to the distant ringing. The clerk would answer. Whaddya want?...No, he's not in. You the same guy that called before? I would hang up, knowing that Reed must be on the way. But I would have to see the clerk again, when we got back to the hotel. I could

see the leer on his face Or Reed would be there. In his room. Asleep. His body pressed against the naked whore he had picked up on the boulevard. You again? Jesus, what time is it?
I closed my eyes and spoke the words aloud, to no one but myself. "Reed. Please. You said you'd come."

I imagined his voice, husky with sleep. Oh. Yeah. Well, exactly what was it you wanted, anyway? I would tell him. I would make the need into sounds.

I saw the desk clerk, listening in, sneering in disgust, rubbing his crotch. I saw Reed, waking up the whore, pushing her face between his legs while I fought to put my craving into words.

My cock went stiff again. I needed Reed at that moment more than I had ever needed anything, ever If I couldn't have him in the flesh, I needed, at least, to

hear his voice I picked up the phone. The buttons lit up. The phone book was on the counter, still open to the hotel listing. found the number, pressed the buttons and listened to

the tones they made. A distant ringing. My breath grew short. My cock softened. It was going to be harder than I'd thought.
The phone was picked up in mid-ring. It was the same clerk. "Barony Hotel," he said.

I tried to clear my throat, and realized the muscles in

my neck were frozen stiff. "Whaddya want?" the clerk said.

Above the pounding in my ears, I thought I heard a knock at the front door.
"Who is this?" The clerk was getting angry.

There was a second knock, very soft, but I was sure I heard it. I gently placed the receiver back into the hook. The soft click sounded loud in the darkness. I crossed the room and unlatched the chain on the door. My hands were shaking; I dropped it. It rattled against the wood. I turned the knob and opened the

The walkway was dim. His face was in shadow, but I knew the silhouette of Reed's body. His hands were stuffed into his pants pockets. He was tapping one foot

impatiently.

"Hell," he growled quietly. "This fuckin' place must have three hundred units in it."

I made a sound in my throat, almost laughing, not quite crying. I stepped forward and slipped my arms

around his chest. His body was stiff as wood, but he did not push me away. His shirt was open half way down the front. I pressed my face into the hard, deep cleft between the

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I hugged him harder, wanting him to respond. I tried to squeeze the breath out of him, but the sides of his chest were solid bands of muscle, stronger than my

I loosened my grip and dropped to my knees, still holding him, keeping my face against his body. He did not move. I hugged his thighs and kissed the worn, faded place where his cock rode inside his jeans. I opened my mouth and kissed it over and over, till it began to grow beneath the denim.

Didn't get enough from your boyfriend?" Reed said. He sounded angry. I looked up at him, confused. His face was hidden in shadow. He moved his head,

peering into the dark room.

peering into the dark room.
"Where is he, anyway?
"In the bedroom," I said. "Asleep."
Reed's voice was flat as a tombstone. "Thought I might get a chance to meet him. Well, get up off the floor and get your things." He pulled free of my arms, the pulled free of my arms, and the said was a said to the said turned and headed down the walkway, hands in his

I scrambled to my feet, grabbed my duffel bag, and

followed He had rented a big car, a Cutlass or something, the

kind of metal monster straight guys count on to impress a woman. It was spotless inside. The upholstery was maroon. It seemed all wrong for him. After the high cab of the rig, the Cutlass seemed to skim just above the asphalt, silent and flat as a flounder. The freeway was brightly lit, almost deserted.

brightly III, almost deserted.
He had hardly glanced at me as I followed him to the car. He didn't look at me at all during the long ride across town. I was so happy to be with him, I couldn't understand why he wasn't happy too.
I was also tired. I laid down across the seat and rested

my head on his lap. Reed did not touch me, but he did not stop me. I put my mouth across the long, high ridge that ran from the bottom of his fly half way down to his knee. That was what I needed. I could not have asked for more.

A long time later, the motion of the car indicated that we were leaving the freeway. The car began stopping and starting, turning at sharp angles. We were nearing

the hotel There was as wide, wheeling turn, and a slight sensation of ascent. Gravel crunched beneath the tires. A short, straight drive. The car slowed and came to a full

Reed cut the engine. Keys jingled aboves me as he pulled them from the ignition. His hips rose and pressed against my face as he slipped the keys into his

I expected him to open the door and step out. Instead he settled back and spread his legs

I pictured the big parking lot of the hoel around us, dark, still, almost empty; Reed's rig nearby, perhaps beside us. I kept my mouth on his erection. I would stay

that way for the rest of the night if he wanted. Reed hooked his hand between my legs. He jerked my ass up and toward him. My knees slid forward to press against his right thigh. He pushed my mouth off his cock, shoved my face into his crotch and clamped

his thighs together My neck was twisted and bent; I could hardly breathe. I had to arch my back stiffly, raising my ass up

high.
Pull down your pants," Reed said.
1 snaked my hand between my belly and thighs,
1 snaked my hand between my belly and thighs, found the button and undid it, unzipped the fly. With

both hands I slid the waistband up and over my buns, then down to my knees. I was wearing the briefs I had stolen from him. When

he touched my ass, the sharp-edged calluses on his hand snagged on the sheer nylon. "I wondered where these got to," he said. "I don't know if I like the idea of some cocksucker wearing my

He slid his fingers inside the briefs. He pried the

waistband down with the back of his hand, till it snapped against the bottom of my cheeks. His hand moved over my ass again. I felt the rough calluses. My ass turned to gooseflesh.

He slapped it. Then, with two fingers, he pushed the

"Looks dry," he said. "I don't think your hole's been used tonight. Didn't your friend fuck it?" He slapped

my ass again, hard and sharp. He loosened his thighs around my head, enough to let me speak.

"No? What, he use your mouth instead?" I had almost forgotten about Bill, and what had hap-pened that night. Now I remembered. I didn't answer. Reed slapped my ass again. "Huh, he gives it to you in the mouth, cocksucker?" He sounded mad enough to

Millime. I whispered. "A little."

"Killime." I whispered. "A little."

"Killie" Reed's voice was thick with sarcasm.
"What the fuck is that supposed to mean!" He was breathing hard. His voice came back busky and low. "Either he put his dick in your mouth or he didn't. You swallow it when he shot?" "No," I said. The sound of my voice, twisted and strained, embarrassed me. "He didn't even come.

Honest.

'You fuckin' liar." Reed's voice shook. Hes hit my ass again, so hard that tears welled up in my eyes. God-damned lyin faggot. You want to know what I think? I think that guy showed you his dick, and you got all quivery inside and got down on your knees, like a good little cocksucker. I think he made you ksis it, and lickit, and then he showed it down your throat and made you gag on it. I think he fucked your face and shot his load down your throat

'No, Reed. I didn't even suck him, not really." He clamped his knees together, like a vise. I thought

my face would split. I put my hands on my leg and tried to pull free. Reed held me tight.

"Shit. All you faggots lie that way? He just put it in your mouth, huh? You just held it there, got his dick all hot and wet. Then what happened?" He spoke through gritted teeth. "I think you better tell me. Now." I listened to my heart beat. Five times. I gathered my.

strength, pushed against his leg with my hands and pulled back with my neck

For an instant I thought he was going to tear my head

off. I even thought I heard a tearing sound in my neck, but it was only the tendons snapping taut

Then I was free. I flopped back against the passenger door. The door handle stabbed me in the back. I struggled up to my knees. The briefs ripped open. My

struggled up to my knees. The briefs ripped open. My cock spraing free and slapped against my thigh. I glared at Reed. "Stop calling me a faggot, you redneck shitkicker. You want to know what Bill didt'!" tell you, goddamn It!" My voice broke, but I went on, shouting hoarsely. "He pissed, that's what he did!"! had to stop and catch my breath. "In my mouth," I added. I looked him straight in the eye.

There was a long silence, I flinched, expecting Reed to start hitting me and never stop.
"What?" he said. His voice was strange, frightening.
"What did you say?"

I tried to swallow. My throat was sore. I looked away from Reed, at the fancy dashboard, at the pile of maroon carpet in the floorboard. "He'd just finished fucking his girlfriend," I said. "She lives there with him They went to bed. I could hear them in there, fucking. Then he came into the living room. I took him in my mouth, I don't know why. He didn't even get all the way hard. Then he said he needed to take a piss..." Complete silence for a moment, I could not even hear his breathing

"Goddamn. So he just did it, huh?" I could not tell if he was angry or excited. "He just—did it. Right in your

mouth. A couple of fuckin' freaks. "Reed, I-"

"Is that why you called me?" He looked at me

sharply. "You wanted to get away from him after that?"
"No. Reed—"

"So whose idea was it? Yours or his? Did you ask for

"No. Not exactly. It just happened."
"Did you like it?"

I stared at the floorboard and didn't answer. I felt his eyes bore into me. From the corner of my eye, I saw his hand move to his crotch. He groped himself. Then he got out of the car and slammed the door.

I rubbed my throat, and watched him cross the parking lot. I did not follow yet, fascinated by the unexc-

pected beauty of that moment, of the sight of Reed's body, tall and broad in his tight jeans and his loose cotton shirt, casting a long shadow across the deserted parking lot as he walked to the hotel. Man and shadow receded, rounded the corner of the building and disappeared

My legs were cramped beneath me. It took me a while to straighten out and pull up my pants. I got my duffel bag from the back seat and walked to the hotel. Reed was waiting outside the front entrance. He gave

me an odd look, then walked inside. me an odd look, then walked inside.

The desk clerk was lying on one of the ratty sofas in
the lobby, watching an old Jack Benny show on the
television set. He laughed. The soundtrack laughed.
The noises sounded hardly human, the way they echoed through the room. The clerk didn't even notice

Reed took the stairs, three at a time. I followed him up to the third floor, lugging the duffel bag

The bed in his room was a mess. Sheets tangled and dragged onto the floor. I knew why he had been so

late. He had taken the streetwalker up here after called, used her before he came to get me. I could smell her in the room—her perfume, the odors she had left on the sheets. Reed stripped down to his briefs. I stood at the

dresser and watched, unable to make a move. Reed sat on the edge of the bed and peeled off his socks. Hed looked up at me. His face was very serious.
"Why don't you come over here and get out of your

clothes I walked to the bed. I stared at the floor as I pulled my

T shirt over my head, kicked off my shoes, unfastened my pants and stepped out of them. I pushed the torn briefs to my feet and stood up. My cock began to harden. There was something wrong about standing over

him. I was not sure he wanted me to join him on the bed. I folded to my knees, wanting to placate the anger inside him

Reed cleared his throat. He took a deep breath.
"Look up at me, okay?" His voice was uneasy.
I looked in his eyes. The emotion there confused me.

I looked instead at his chest, at the smooth creases in the skin just beneath the firm, rounded swell of his pectorals, at the firm folds of flesh bunched over his hard stomach, curving down to the waistband of his white nylon briefs. I looked at his cock, half hard inside the briefs, straining against the cloth.
"You make me so fuckin' mad, you know that?"
There was something like hatred in his voice, some-

thing like desperation.
I nodded, "I can tell," I said. For some reason, a smile

was trying to force its way onto my face. I fought it. "Damn it! You ask for it, you know that?"

I nodded again.

Reed took a deep breath. His voice came back stead-ier, but still agitated. "I mean, you don't put up any resistance, you know. It's like I could do any fuckin' thing I wanted to you, anything that came into my head. And you'd probably like it. What am I supposed to do?"

His voice was changing again, to a tone it had approached before. All pretense was submerged. His

words emerged like thoughts unspoken. Always wanted me somebody I could...I could

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fuckin' use, man. Like an animal. Like a fuckin' slave or something. Somebody I could kick around a little, step on every once and a while when I feel like it. Somebody with a mouth like a goddamned hole, you know, just a wiff a mouth like a gooddamned hole, you know, just a hole for my dick, hungry for it twenty-four hours a dat Let me fuck it like a cunt, listen ot it gag and just keep fucking, keep feeding it dick. Maybe ! 1d of found h

you think? He reached for it, grabbed it sudden and hard as if it might fly off. The sheer nylon stretched across his cock like a second skin. I stared at it, amazed. He squeezed it

and shut his eyes.

"That's what I look for, all the fuckin' time. Shit, I'm to bad looking. I got enough money, not a lot, but enough. You'd think I could find me one goddamned bitch... There was one, that blond I told you about, in

Dallas, that one I used to fuck in the ass..."
Reed opened his eyes and saw the sudden doubt on my face. I looked down at the floor. He had thrown the porno books beside the bed. They were almost hidden

by a tangled fold of sheet

Yeah, I know you did some jack-off reading earlier tonight, cocksucker. And you probably thought you figured out some stuff, didn't you? But Carla was real, alright. Maybe I got the idea for it out of a story, but she spit out my come one time and I taught her never to do that again. She spit it out on purpose. She was asking for it, just the way you ask for it, all the fuckin' time

His body went tense—a flash of sudden beauty in every muscle. But his face was twisted with anger. I flinched, thinking he was going to hit me, and not

knowing why. He took a deep breath. His body relaxed; granite

returned to flesh. His voice was bitter.
"She was the one. She could've been the one. She was a rich bitch, all that shiny blond hair and those pretty clothes. She thought I was real lower class, she

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thought I was scum, but Carla liked slumming, she dug getting it from a guy with muscles and a big working class dick. Oh, she liked to suck it. She liked me to slap

her face with it Reed pulled his cock out of his shorts. He held it at the base and beat it against the air. Both of us watched

it, fascinated But Carla, she had this rich old man who didn't approve of no common dick getting into his little girl's cunt, soiling his little darling's sweet lips. That motherfucker could've ruined everything I had, he could've taken away my rig with a snap of his fingers. One of these days I'm gonna kill that son of a bitch. He married her off to some fat lawyer friend of his who keeps her

locked up in a big house in Highland Park, put a burgler alarm on every door and a gun in every room.

"I had to kiss that bitch goodbye. I had to go back to the burgler of the burgler o taking 'em out and buying em drinks, and then asking 'em real sweet, say please lady, can I pretty please stick my big dick up your cunt. I'll be real gentle and sweet and I'll buy you pretty things and treat you like the sweet innocent thing your momma raised you up to be, and I won't shock you by whipping your ass or fucking your face or anything like that, no sir. Goddamn!

"I had to go back to picking up whores off the street and finding out a week later they had a nest full of crabs between their legs that the last fucker left, who knows who the hell he was, probably some greasy fat rich turd

like Carla's old man

'I just couldn't find the hole I was looking for. That hungry hole. I even started looking at fags on the street. I know where they hang out, here in LA, down in Houston. I'd look at 'em and wonder if they were all like Reggie, if they'd get all choked up if I was to show 'em the piece of meat between my legs. Yeah, cocks-cuker, Reggie was real too, everything I said about him except the part in the men's room. But he was real alright, back in Midland, and he wanted my dick bad. Reggie would've done anything I wanted, he would've crawled on his belly like a snake if I told him to.

But Reggie scared the shit outta me. I told myself no sir, I wasn't gonna go down with no queer, and I told myself the same thing when I'd see the guys hanging around outside the queer bars, all sweaty with their shirts off, kissing each other on the mouth."

Reed looked down at his cock and squeezed it. He pumped it up and clutched it like a club. He looked me

in the eye

"And then you come along, with your smooth little chest and your pretty mouth, and your goddamned pretty ass. And your cock's always hard, and it's kinda pretty too, you know that, even your cock looks nice. I actually like looking at your dick. But I like it better when it's pushed down between your legs and you're all smooth there

Reed rubbed his bare foot against the inside of my thighs. He put his foot over my cock. He stepped on it,

pinning me to the floor.
"And I knew it, the first time I saw you standing there

on the side of the road. Something told me you were on the side of the load. Something to the host of the gonna be trouble. Even while I was putting my foot on the brake, I said Reed, you are asking for a whole slew of trouble. Reed, your dick is gonna want that.
"So I thought, I'll just give in to it a little, Just a little.

But you kept sucking it up like a sponge. So I thought, slow down Reed, this kid's as crazy as you are, this kid's infectious. And this evening, when I came back from the rental place, you were already gone. I figured I'd the rental place, you were already gone. I figured I'd the rental place, you were already gone. seen the last of you. A part of me was relieved, like it was over and I could just forget about your pretty ass. But another part of me let stupid, like I dhad a chance to do something I wanted and I didn't take it, like some uptight bitch who's afraid to do it with the lights on cause she thinks it's dirty.

Reed's voice turned a shade darker. "And I was mad. I got mad thinking about you and your friend. About you sucking his dick and taking it up your ass, loving it, begging for it, forgetting all about me. And wearing those underwear you stole from me, letting him see how sexy you look and getting his dick hot, letting him take those shorts off you. Is that how it was?"

He twisted his foot, grinding my cock into the carpet. I gritted my teeth and shook my head. "No, Reed. I told you. It wasn't like that. He didn't want me anymore."
"Then he's a crazy son of a bitch," Reed said. He you. It Wash! I take that. He didn't want me anyingre.
"Then he's a crazy son of a bitch," Reed said. He
lifted his foot. My cock sprang up. Reed gave me a
crooked smile. He grabbed his cock with both hands,
one atop the other. His fingers did not reach around
the width. Another handful projected beyond the circle of his fist. The smile faded. Reed hissed and narrowed his eyes. I watched him, enthralled. He was not a

man. He was a cock. Looking for a hole.
"You weren't here," Reed said. "You went off with your friend. So I went out and picked me up a blond with big tits and brought her back here. And you were on the phone, just waiting for me. And I thought, this is fate, Reed, give in to it. The kid wants your dick, give

"But I'd already paid the whore half, and the clerk was standing there watching, so I brought her up here and screwed her, real quick, real hard. I don't think she liked it. But I didn't care. I was thinking about you."

I shook my head, not knowing what to say. "I was thinking about you, kid."

Neither of us spoke for a long time. We watched his

Reed reached out and touched my chest. I turned my "Guess what I needed all along was a good cock-sucker," Reed said softly. "You're gonna be my cock-sucker, aren't you!"
"Yes, Reed."

He nodded. There was excitement in his eyes, "Yeah, Starting tomorrow. I'm gonna have me a cocksucker. You're gonna learn how to suck my dick. I won't expect you to be able to take all of it the first time. But you learn. Carla learned to take it, all the way to my balls. Then you're gonna learn how to take it ukp your ass. squeeze it and eat it with your ass.

He narrowed his eyes and squeezed himself. "I'm gonna tie your hands behind your back and whip you with my belt. I'm gonna treat you real mean, just the way you want it. I got a lot of imagination, you'll find that out. A lot of imagination, and nowhere to use it, till now. Now I got me a cocksucker. I got me a real cock-crazy faggot." He looked down and shook his head. He smiled crookedly. "Oh, baby, look at the way

your prick stands up. He slid his fingers into my hair, made a fist and jerked my head back. There was a rush of air through his nostrils. His face stiffened. He held my head in place

and pushed two fingers into my mouth. I'm gonna piss in your mouth, too. Three times a

He pulled the fingers from my mouth, "Did you come with that guy?" He twisted my scalp. "Did you shoot while he was pissing down your throat, cocksucker?"

His grip relaxed. "Good. Then you can come now. I want to see you come for me. I put my hands around my cock. Reed pushed them

"Not that way. Push it down between your legs like a good girl. Hold it between your legs, hold it there and squeeze it. Rub your hands over your thighs, over your

belly. Come liked a bitch. He pulled his hand from my hair. He stroked himself with both hands. I leaned forward and opened my

Reed pushed me back; with my knees locked together, I almost lost my balance. "Not yet," he said. That's tomorrow. Right now, just do what you're

Reed stroked himself with one hand and touched my chest with the other. I rubbed my legs together. I pressed my fingers into my groin. Without thinking, I reached out and clenched my fist in the empty space between my legs, expecting my cock to be there

"I like your tits, boy, You got beautiful tits. All big and "like your tits, boy. You got beautiful fits. All big and round and firm, smooth brown nipples, all hairless and sleek. You look real good in a T shirt, you know that? The way your chest fills it up. Makes me want to reach out and touch. One for each hand."

He pinched my nipples. He pushed his fingernails into the flesh and pulled, till the nipples were an inch from the muscle beneath. My cock stiffened between my thighs. I leaned forward, following his fingers. My

face brushed against his cock I came. The warm wetness shot downward, splatter-ing the back of my knees. The stimulation in my nipples turned abruptly to pain. I convulsed and moaned.

Reed released my nipples. I doubled over and hugged my head, rubbing my face against his cock.
Then he sat back and pushed me gently away. My
cock, softer now, was still between my thighs. My groin shuddered in the aftershock. I pressed my hands into the V between my legs.
"That's it," Reed said. "That's beautiful."

"That's it," Keed said, "That's beautitul.
He held his cock with one fist and waved it slowly
before my face. "I got a dick between my legs." He
smiled. "What you hink about my dick, boy?"
I stared at it. I studied it. "It's so big, Reed."
"Yeah?" His breathing was turning ragged. Tenseness spread through his body. "Carla always said...she

said she figured my genes got mixed up somehow, and I ended up with a horse dick." He began to pump it. "One time she said I had to be a bastard. Said my mother must've had a thing for getting screwed by donkeys. But maybe she was just trying to get a rise outa

His smile broadened to show his teeth, but only for an instant. He winced. There was a great tension eman-



ating from his body, from his cock, huge and upright, hard as steel. I wondered how his briefs had ever con-

tained it. tained It.
"Go ahead." he said, "kiss it girl, kiss the man's dick."
I leaned forward and pressed my lips to the moist, open slit at the tip of Reed's cock. The shaft jerked. Reed held it fast. He came, and filled my mouth with semen

The heavy white drapes were coppery with the first light of Saturday morning. I was completely exhausted.
Reed stuffed his cock inside his briefs and pulled himself onto the bed. He turned off the lamp. He handed me a pillow and a blanket, and dropped flat on his back

with a heavy sigh. I stretched out on the floor and stared at the ceiling. For a few moments I felt and thought nothing. I simply

ror a few moments feet and thought horning. I stilling studied the rays of sunlight, angling in above the drapes, that slowly filled the ceiling.
Gradually, I realized what had happened that night. I had seduced Reed.

He had wanted me all along. He had initiated the first contact, continued it, cut it short and begun again. I had thought he was tormenting me. He had wanted me. He had been afraid of me.

Tonight he had been angry. Not because I was a cocksucker, tempting him. Because he was jealous. Reed had been jealous. I had seduced him. He was

toing to teach me to suck his cock. A lightness, cool as helium, spread through my limbs.

"Reed," I said.
"What?" He sounded almost asleep. "What happens Monday?

"I head back to Texas." He yawned.

"Will you take me with you?"
"Huh? Yeah, sure," The sleepiness made his voice sound gruff and noncommital. I was not fooled. "I'll even buy your meals if you turn out to be a good cocksucker."

His choice of words still disturbed me, but not as they had before. He was a mystery to me; the words he used had before. He was a mystery to mystery, to brand me were a part of the mystery. I said. "Not till

the fall, anyway

"Maybe I could hire you for the summer," he mur-mured. "Get you loading cargo. Gives you strong arms.

I smiled. Something unaccountably good was happening to me. I was sure of that. I wanted to back in memory to name and count each source of the present moment, but I was too tired to be anyplace but in that moment, in a sleepy gray room with Reed, at dawn on a Saturday morning

The moment spoked to me. It told me that I had The moment spoked to me. It told the flat I had accomplished something—I was not sure what—prevailed over something, stumbled onto something that might allow me to carve a small corner of my life to please, myself. The feeling of well-being inside me turned to a feeling of power

I got up on my knees and stared at Reed until he opened his eyes.
"I can't sleep," I said. "I'm all shaky. Maybe if you held me for a minute.

Reed stared at me for a long time. Then he closed his eyes and stretched out his arm. I crawled under the sheets and pressed myself into the warmth of his chest.

Tomorrow was beginning.

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RUN NO MORE Continued from page 25

Although I had tried to broach the subject of the accident with Edgar several times previously, I had never had enough time alone with him to force an answer. When I found myself behind him in the line at answer. When I found myser bening him in the line at the lift, I took advantage of our few moments of privacy reply. "Kurt may have been trying to catch me," he said. "I was just a little wary of him, I guess. You saw how he was the other night, and I'd had one scene with him before..., the day before the accident, as a matter. of fact. Got a little out of hand... Nazi uniform and all. He'd scared the shit out of me, and I guess I was reacting more to that than to what actually happened on the

"But you went with him again," I insisted. Edgar grinned. "He's still good sex...and a damned goodlooking guy. It's just I'll never go the route with him alone... without someone else around."

I didn't know whether I should take that as a rebuke or not. I had assumed my inclusion in the threeway had been based on other than Edgar's feeling the need for a watchdog. But he was fast on the uptake, and sensed

watchdog. But he was fast on the uptake, and sensed my disappointment before Could put irint owords. He gripped my shoulder and squeezed it. "Any time we can lind the place, baby," he said. "Any time!" For the two evenings following his session with Kurt and me, Edgar had made himself unavailable to the German. One night he had gone into the castle with Mrs. Ledbetter; the other he had claimed to be tired and had slept in his room at the inn. This had left me alone with Kurt, but I had also avoided a real S&M bout with him. We had slept together and had our sex in a more conventional manner. "I'd better let it heal a little," I'd told him, and he'd respected my wishes. He may have felt a little guilty, I thought, because he didn't try to press the issue. We lay together in his big bed, and Kurt was more gentle and tender in his love making than I could ever remember his being before. The only problem resulting from this, of course, was the

I tried to explain my feelings without actually rejecting him, but this was a little hard to put across under the ing him, but this was a little hard to put across under the circumstances, I was having wild, grooty set with the encircled by his. I couldn't simply say, "Kurt, I don't love you. I dig your body, but my head's in a different place." He would never have accepted it, and under the same conditions I don't think! Would have either. Instead, I tried a more subtle approach, I partially confessed my feelings for Bert, and put it to Kurt as if I were

seeking the advice of an older, wiser brother.

He either chose to ignore the message, else his expanded self-conception refused to perceive the ramifications. "What do you call it...a school gift crush?" he teased. "When you first metyour uncle you were still a child...not physically, but in your mind, You saw in him a man of strength and ... beauty. And

You saw in him a man of strength and ... beauty. And he is a beautiful man. I wonder if you might not have outgrown him. Wonder if you might not have outgrown him. As the strength of the str purely physical, anyway; discussing it with Kurt would have weakened my argument when it came time to ease free of him again. I remembered the unpleasant scene that previous summer, and I shuddered to think I might be treading the same primrose path. I was taking his love...or what Kurt mistakenly projected as love. I couldn't make him understand that it wasn't for ever and ever. His possessive determination made him blind to anything less obvious than a blow with a two-by-

At the moment, I could see all the grim possibilities

and there wasn't anything I could do but wait it out. I joined Bert and Jim at the first opportunity and spent the rest of the day with them. Jim wasn't much of a skier, which restricted us to the lesser slopes. Kurt and Edgar went on without me, but I noticed they did not take the steeper trails together unless Bert was with them. I continued to wonder how Edgar really felt; despite his expressed belief in Kurt's innocent intentions, I sensed his lack of ease. Jim noted my preoccu-pation and asked if he might help. He looked at me with such a serious, sympathetic face that it made me very aware of his being a friend . . . a really dependable very aware of his being a friend... a really dependable friend, who cared what happened to me. I was so comfortable with him, and felt such an emotional closeness, I almost unburdened my troubles and doubts. In the end, I kept my silence, assuring him my troubles were not worth the time to discuss.

'Any time you need me, you know I'm here," he added:

These were almost the same words Edgar had used, but so different in this context...so different and so much more feeling. "I'll remember that," I told him.

"Dot voman iss gone! Gott sei Dank!" Alfred leaned back in his chair and hugged himself in glee, carrying on in a Katzenjammer Kids account and giving way to on in a Katzenjammer Kids account and giving way to fits of giggling mirth. Outside, the snow was coming down in a silent, steady deluge. Huge powdery clumps collected in the air and fell past the windows like feath-ery puffs of cotton candy. After the enforced break like ery purs of cotton candy. After the enforced break in our investigations. I think everyone was ready to tackle our investigations. I think everyone was ready to tackle "I was afraid the dammed thing was going to appear when the fuckin woman was here." Im remarked as we made our way through the passage. "Christ, we'd never have gotten rid of her then!"

I was following Jim and Bert was directly behind me. "The fact it didn't appear," he answered, "makes me

suspect a very earthly control."

Alfred was leading the way, as usual, with Kurt and Edgar walking almost even with him when the width of the passage permitted it. They had gotten a little ahead the passage permitted it. They had gotten a little ahead or us, and we could hear them laughing together around the final corner. "At least these spirts seem to "Funny, funny." Jim retorted. He poked me in the side and ran ahead to join the others. "Keep your eyes open." Bert added softly. "You think...tonight...?" "I'll be very surprised if it doesn't appear," he

replied.

We had moved around the bend and were standing with the others before I could ask any more. Though all of us were supposedly there for the same reason, I sensed my uncle's remark had been directed only to me. I didn't know why he should wish to conceal his suspicions from the others. I tried to tell myself; yet I knew exactly what he had been trying to communicate to me. It was the same conclusion I had reached and tried to deny. If the ghost were artificially produced, it had to be one of our group who was doing it . . . at least involved in it

Once on the floor of the vault the group became a bit more restrained. As always, the vastness of the chamber and its very solemn atmosphere made one want to lower his voice. Only Edgar seemed largely unaffected, joking with Jim and me until Kurt made a pointed remark about his being such a good M, he would like to nominate him to take the spotlight.

"As the most qualified expert, don't you think he should be free to observe?" I asked, Surprisingly, it was Edgar himself who countered me,

south shall be a sugar nimed who countered he speaking before anyone else could enter in. "You all have the cameras I gave you," he said. "Let's do as Kurt suggests, only...uh, why don't we let Wayne do the honors? Kurt gets a little carried away," he added with a disarming smile.

You mean we've found the place?" I asked softly. I DRUMMER 31



was standing right at Edgar's shoulder, and I'd spoken so no one else could hear me.

The big man winked, twisting his head around to look at me. "Whatever," he replied.

We moved the heaters into position, although the vault seemed warmer than it had been before. Alfred had never allowed the fire to go out, and with the care we had taken to keep Mrs. Ledbetter from discovering the passages, all the doors—both secret and otherwise—had remained closed. This had cut down the drafts in the lower room. The end result had been to make it a little smokey, but the temperature was a few degrees higher.

While Edgar stripped to just his boots, I helped Alfred cover the block with his deerskin. Doing this, I kept thinking of the portrait in the upstairs gallery, trying in my own mind to recreate the respective positions of model and artist. When Edgar had finished disrobing and stood quietly in anticipation of my first command, I still hadn't quite decided. I told him to sit on the block, and I maneuvered him into the pose of the young man in the painting. I moved him a couple of times, fending off the impatient comments from Jim and Kurt, until I had him exactly in place. Everything matched, as best I could recall, except for some minor details. In the light from the fire and the pair of braziers. Edgar seemed even more the personification of his

"Doesn't look like him at all," said Jim depreciat-gly. "This fellow's built like a bull!"

ingly. "This fellow's built like a buil!"
There is a resemblance, nonethess, "Bert argued.
"Well, interesting!" he added at length. "Interesting, and aesthetically pleasing, I must say! He patted Edgar on the knee. "Shall we get on with it?"
"I'm waiting for the master to tell me what to do," said Edgar. He looked at me almost slyly, but he kept any real sign of levity from showing in his voice or facial expression. It was there only as an undertone: yet I picked it up and it made me a little self-conscious.
"Do we necessarily have to use the block?" I asked,

turning toward Bert.
"Well..." He seemed uncertain, deferred to Alfred.

"What do you think?"
"I'll take the port," replied the old man, nodding toward the narrow slit where Kurt and I had watched together, "From there, it makes little difference what

part of the chamber they are in."
"Good," Bert continued. "I will go with Kurt, on a
'roving patrol' of sorts, and leave Jim to assist the S." He kept a perfectly straight face during this reference to me. There was not the slightest suggestion of derision; if anything, he was reinforcing my status by a flat statement of fact.

For a moment I thought Kurt was going to object, but he glanced first at Alfred and I saw the old man shake

'Aren't you a little anxious?" Jim asked of the care-

taker. "I mean, being up there all alone?"
Alfred shrugged. "I have wandered these corridors more often than the ghost," he said. "I am at home hore often than the ghost, he said. I am at home here, just as he."
"Now that's settled, what do you want me to do, ...sir" asked Edgar.
"Get your ass over to the pix trough and moved

Edgar dropped lithely to the ground and moved obediently toward the opening in the floor at the far side of the room. Alfred signaled to the others, and the braziers were quickly repositioned. Alfred turned awy to Kurt, leading him off towrd the base of the stone stairway.

I went quickly to the passageway behind Alfred, and picked out a couple of devices which he kept hidden there. With Jim assisting me, I began putting Edgar into these restraints, the first of which was a harness I had examined previously, but had never seen in use. It intrigued me, and I had it all planned out in my mind exactly what I wished to do. The device consisted of

four straps to bind the body front and back, passing over the shoulders and terminating at the wide waist piece. Below this, a single wide band passed under the to hold the hands secure just above the hips. In essence, it was a simple contrivance, constructed so the subject's suspended weight would be divided between the waistband and the strap passing under his crotch.

There was, however, an arrangement of slits in the lower piece that extended the possibilities.

Jim helped me buckle the harness into place and strap Edgar's hands to the appropriate points at his sides. At this stage, his genitals were completely obscured by the leather passing between his legs. And to this point, my own responses had been just about as mechanical as I've been describing them. I had not expected to be given command, as it were, and I did not have any scenario clearly in mind. I knew only that I wanted to use the pit and to suspend Edgar as a start, playing out this one segment. I had been so preoccupied in mentally planning it, I had not really responded

to the sexual aura I was creating. Now that the tall, powerful man stood bound and helpless in front of me. I began to feel a surge of heated pleasure. I reached inside his bindings, slipped my hand under the wide swath of leather that covered Edgar's groin. My fingers closed about his cock-...rigid, straining upward, tightly enclosed by the

"Stand up straight!" I told him. "Get your legs

He tightened every fiber of sinew and locked his body into a brace. His eyes were focused on the wall across the vault, pointedly avoiding contact with mine.
He swayed slightly, balancing himself on heel and toe
to keep from toppling. I motioned to Jim, and together we fastened the metal rings at the top of Edgar's shoulder straps to a pair of vertical chains above the pit. These, in turn, were suspended from a pulley arrangement in the distant ceiling and controlled by an ancient winch, bolted to the stone floor beside the gaping

Edgar was quivering from the effort of holding him-self as I'd instructed. His legs were widely spaced, tapering down in a hard flexed symmetry to the place where his lace up boots enclosed them, twisting sharply at the ankles to permit his feet their proper traction. I reached under him and worked the leather open with my fingers, probed inside until I grasped the loose skin of his sac. I eased it out, carefully pulling the scrotum through the narrow slit where the crotch strap had been cut on a horizontal, parallel to the sides. I ignored his heavy breathing and occasional hiss of indrawn air as my motions constricted his balls. When I had all I could work down, I slipped a finger into the enclosure and centered his testicles against the con-

cave depression, just behind the prostate.

I stepped back to survey my handiwork, feeling very I stepped back to survey my nandiwork, teeling very satisfied at the effect, and very turned on by my own sense of mastery. This great, powerful male was now deprived of any visible sexuality. His cock was con-cealed beneath the strap, being driven solidly against his lower belly. From the area between his legs, only the wrinkled, empty sac remained to show he had once possessed the pride of manhood. I took a length of black rawhide and bound it securely about the protruding skin, tying this as close to the leather surface as I could. I had left some twenty five to thirty inches of excess length, which I now retained as I nodded for lim to place restraints upon the captive's ankles. These were subsequently attached to either side of the pit. ensuring that Edgar's spread-legged posture would be maintained in suspension. I took up a metal weight, about five pounds of rusty iron, and attached this to the

rawhide I could hear by his gasping respiration that our M was grooving on the entire scene. I verified this by poking my finger inside the front flap again, and testing the

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rigid thrust of his rod, lim, who had removed his shirt in the course of his other activities, bent down and pulled an inhaler from the pocket. He leaned against the towering figure of our prisoner, kissed him on the lips and shoved the inhaler into one nostril, pressing the other shut with his finger. Edgar moaned and teetered backward. I reached out to keep him from falling as he closed his eyes and let the amyl flood his senses

It made an effective picture ... a big stud in bondage, powerful body restricted by the leather straps, immobilized and helpless. I took the inhaler from Jim and drew on it, feeling my own sex respond with a height-ened flood of heat and desire. I had purposely not used a hood on Edgar—my singled concession to our need for vigilance. Nor had I struck him in any way, His humiliation was just the bondage...and the simulated castration. He had a built to compare to the best of them, chest and arms that would have placed him on the cover of any muscle magazine. Now, despite his nakedness and the extremely masculine attributes, his sexuality was absent. The shriveled skin of his sac was bound and weighted...empty, as if it had never held the living orbs of maleness

Jim used the winch, lifted the powerful form and let him swing backward over the pit. He tightened the restraints on the ankles, keeping the legs spread wide apart. Edgar hung in full suspension, the weight between his thighs moving slowly back and forth to enphasize his helplessness. Jim poked it with a stick to increase its arc. Edgar's eyes were half closed, his great body sagging in the harness as he seemed to concen-trate all his energy to sustain himself through the series

of unfamiliar sensations.

"Big man's lost his nuts," I taunted.

"Eunuch," Jim muttered. He moved to the side of the pit and took another turn on the handle to tighten the ankle lines.

Through all of this, our captive remained silent except for his hoarse, rasping intake of breath. His



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strained expression indicated how close we'd brought him to the threshold of endurance. I knew his balls must be pressing hard into the hollow on the underside must be pressing hard into the nonlow on the underside of his groin, doubtless on the verge of being crushed by the weight of his body pressing down on the strap His present posture would have to be limited, and I had already decided to bring him back onto the floor when lim touched my arm and reminded me we were supposed to be keeping our eyes open for a ghost. I looked behind me, realizing for the first time that Kurt and my uncle had disappeared.
"Up the stairs," Jim told me. "About two minutes

I pulled Edgar back onto the floor and loosened the strap about his genitals. I untied the weight and allowed him to stand with a degree of comfort. He drew a trembling breath and shuddered. "Wild!" he muttered. He had come to a position of attention, or as close to it as his bonds would permit "Wild what," asked Jim. He had a strap in his hand

and was just about to swing it against the tightly flexed backside, when Bert shouted at us from the head of the stairs. "Did you see it? Did it come this way?"

"No. See what?" I called back.

He waved me off, looking toward the doorway above him and said something to Kurt, who now appeared in the opening. "Alfred! Haust du etwas geshen?" he

called. "Nothing!" returned the caretaker from the port above us. 'I guess that does it for tonight," said Edgar softly.

"Better let me loose."
"Disappointed?" I asked.
"Not hardly," he whispered. "Like I told you...any

With Jim's help I unbuckled the fastenings on the harness. Whatever Edgar felt, I knew I was disappointed. For the first time I really resented that damned ghost! Why should the fucking thing appear right now? shost! Why should the fucking limits appear and in the lasked myself. Never a sign of it while that woman was here, and now we d hardly gotten started when it had to poke its nose in. But Bert had been right, I realized. He had expected the appearance, and for whatever reason he had made the prediction, his logic had proven out.

Alfred came down from his post and we gathered about the central block of stone. Jim had slipped his shirt back on and had tossed a jacket over Edgar's naked shoulders. Bert held the camera in his hand. got a picture of it, I think," he told us. "Tell me exactly where you saw it," said Edgar

"In the upper hall, near the doorway to the stairs," Bert replied. "Kurt had gone into the room on my left, and I was turned...sort of halfway to the door. I felt a chill, like a cold draft, and when I looked...there he was. I took a picture and called to Kurt... and by then it

was gone."
"Did you see it, Kurt?" asked Edgar.
"I...think so," he answered slowly.

We trooped up the stairs and examined the area closely. There was nothing out of place as far as any of us could see. "We'll know more when the film is pro-cessed," said Edgar.

When we returned to Alfred's cottage we found ourselves snowed in. The kitchen windows had been shuttered just before we'd left for the castle, and our first indication of the snow's depth was when Kurt tried to open the door. "Looks like we're here for the night,"

To open the door. Eooks like We refer to the way and the grant of the control of moved forward at Kurt's announcement. He allowed his hand to rest against my thigh, trailing the fingers

around to grope me.
"I oughta whip your ass for that," I muttered.
"Like I told you..." he answered lightly. "And after

tonight, . . well, from the session with Kurt I knew you "If one of you does not mind sharing a bed with the old man, I can put all of you up," Alfred announced.

"Wayne and Jimmy already have their room...whe-never Herr-Hoffsteder is here to use it," he added significantly. "Mister Forham is in front, across the hall, and I am in back...each with ample bed space available. Unless, of course, you wish to exchange. I will leave that to you." He gave a little bow and withdrew toward the kitchen.

There was an awkward pause after this, and I blame myself for some of the ill feelings which resulted. I should have simply gone to bed with Jim and let the others do whatever they wanted. I should, first and foremost, have remembered how vindictive and possessive Kurt could be. But when Albert finished speaking, I was standing next to Edgar, more or less holding hands with him. We had started to make our scened in the castle, and had been interrupted short of any satisfactory conclusion. Not only this, but his affinity for the role of bottom man had really gotten to me, turned me on to him more strongly than ever before. While I might fantasize on being M, I was really getting to dig the top man's spot whenever the opportunity presented itself. At any rate, the die had been cast. We were both turned on and we wanted to make together...lovey-dovey in a bed, if that was all we were going to be able to do.

Bert was the first to see this, because he was standing only a couple of steps in front of us. When he turned around he grasped the picture immediately, and with-out stopping to consider Kurt's reaction he offered to change places with me. "I'll pop in with Jim, if you like.

You fellows can have my room.

Not only did this place me in a room apart from Kurt, left him to share the back bedroom with Alfred. it left film to share the back bedroom with Alfred. There wasn't much he could say, not without hurting the old man's feelings. Alfred, naturally, could hear everything that was going on. With all his aggressions and hostilities, Kurt did seem to have a decidedly soft spot in his heart for Alfred. His only reaction at the time was a fierce glare of anger and a rough, jostling bump as he passed me on the way to the rear of the house.

We remained more or less trapped in the house until the plow truck came up the next morning. Alfred did have a high door on the south side of the house, a sort of escape hatch, but he told us not to worry about it. "The boys on the truck will dig us out," he said. "I always give them breakfast.

Kurt was the only one to leave before the truck

arrived. He was already gone when Edgar and I got up.
According to Alfred, he had a ski class that morning,
and had also taken the roll of film from Bert's camera. promising to develop it himself at a friend's darkroom.
"Think he's still sore?" asked Edgar, when Alfred had

moved out of earshot.
"I don't know," I told him. "I'm hoping he slept it

Bert and Jim came in a few minutes behind us, Alfred peri and jim came in a rew minutes benind us, Alfred returning to the kitchen with them. The old man went to the stove and started shuffling pots and pans. "Hey, did you get a little of that last night?" Edgar teased him. The caretaker muttered something in German as he

oured a bowl of beaten eggs into a skillet. Other than this, he never indicated an answer. But Edgar's joviality was infectious. He had been more than a handful in bed, and he kept up a playful banter all through break-fast. He had all of us—Alfred included—laughing heartily by the time we finished eating. The plow arrived shortly after this, and as Alfred predicted, the young men dug us out. "Couple of good prospects in that group," Edgar mumbled as we watched the half dozen husky youngsters attack the platters which Alfred set in front of them.

Suddenly, one of the young men looked up. "Mis-ter...Forham?" he asked.

Bert answered and the fellow pulled a crumpled slip of paper from his pocket. "I was told to give you this," he said in German. "I'm sorry; I almost forgot."

Bert smoothed out the telegram on the top of the refrigerator. "It looks like I'll have to go back to Lon-

don for a day or two," he said.
"More problems?" I asked. He shook his head. "Just business," he replied, "but your country's devaluation is playing hell with several companies. If I don't go back and handle it myself-

companies. If I don't go back and nandle it myself-...well, no choice. I simply have to go."

Bert rode down with the men on the truck, and Edgar decided to go with him as far as the village. "I'd like to see that film as soon as Kurt has it processed," he told

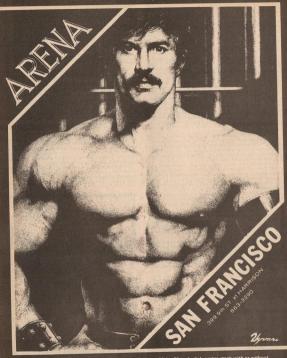
"That leaves just two pairs of helping hands, Alfred," Jim remarked. "Are you going to tend the fires?" The old man sighed. "I guess!"Il have to," he replied. After Edgar and Bert had left, we followed the care-

taker through the passageway and into the castle. Iim taker through the passageway and into the castle. Jim was not very communicative once the others had departed, and I sensed a slight distance in his attitude; nothing I could put my inger on, and leventually continued to the continued of the country of the coun

While Alfred was poking around on the main floor, Jim decided he would like to see the portrait I seemed so hung-up on. We went unstairs and into the corridor of the main bedroom. We were still there, standing together in awed silence, holding a lantern above our

heads when the old man joined us. "I may have found something," he announced. He showed us a tangle of silk or nylon thread, holding it in the palm of his calloused hand, "I do not know exactly how it may have been used, but it was caught in the





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scrollwork on the back of a chair...not far from the place where your uncle saw the ghost."

I took the strands and pulled them through my fingers. They were strong and somewhat stiff, like fishing line, but black. "Well, I don't know how it might have

been used, etiher, but if it didn't belong there..."
"It could have been used to make the figure float," lim suggested

"Except there wasn't anything there afterward." I mused. "More likely... assuming it's all a hoax, it may have been connected to activate whatever control mechanism was being used."

"I think this is in the province of our American expert." Alfred told us. "I am certain he must know many ways it could be used." He stuffed the thread into a pocket of his jacket. "Are you ready to go back?" he

"Let's take a look at where you found it," I suggested. The old man shrugged, led us into the room furthest back, off the main hall. He pointed to a chair, where, he expalined, the material had been tangled about the gilded wood. "Was the dust cover disturbed like that, too?" I asked.

He nodded. "That's why I noticed it," he said.
"There's a clear line to the doorway," Jim observed,
"but the thread would have passed right through the

"but the thread would have passed right through the place where Bert was standing."
"Over his head?" I suggested. I was already wondering at Alfred's discovery. We had been in that room the night before, and I did not see how all of us could have missed seeing it. Where the gray fabric of the cover had missed seeing it. where the gray raptic of the cover had been pulled away, the golden velvet of the chair back gleamed through like a beacon.
"It may have passed over him," Alfred mused, "but where would it lead after that?"
"Alfred," I asked, struck now by a new idea, "is it possible there could be another set of passageways we

don't know about? The old man pursed his lips. "1...don't think so," he said. "1 have never measured the walls to determine thickness and so forth, but..."

"Or are there other people...people we don't know about, who might know their way around the castle as well as you do?"

"Oh, not since many years," he replied thoughtfully.
"But you know, the castle...during the war...it was a
residence for high ranking officer...a place for what
you call rest and rehabilitation"...or so it was said."

"What do you mean by that?" I asked. "Could it have been something more than R and R?

He nodded. "Yes, it could have been. I have often wondered. The officers were all Waffen SS, as far as I wondered, the onicers were all Waffen SS, as far as I know, and several were here for quite long stays..." "I'm getting cold," said Jim "Okay... guess there's no reason to hang around any longer, I agreed.

We returned to the cottage to find Kurt waiting for

us. "Where's Edgar?" I asked. "Edgar?"

"Yes, didn't he find you? He wanted to see the picture," Jim replied.

Kurt spread his hands in an empty gesture. "No, Edgar never came by. And the picture... He pulled a roll of black film from his pocket. "The film was completely fogged.



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LARRY TOWNSEND

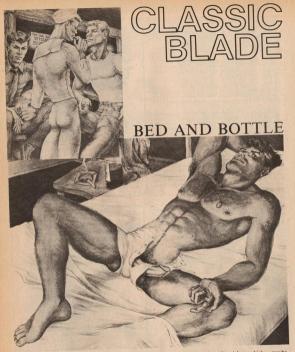
Author of the Leatherman's Handbook Offers the most complete and dependable mail order service for the leather-SM oriented man.



BOOKS MAGAZINES TOYS in leather, latex, etc. OTHER SPECIALTIES

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Okay, taking this room was a good idea, Mac. .. at about nine-shirty latnight, I was bound to pick up a chick. .. maybe one then and another later, and buying a bottle was a good idea—save us a lot of dough—but the second bottle, your diea, wann's to good. You know the other can go pick up chick number one, it's got me feeling so the control of the



ONE WAY

Sure, it's my bite..., my big brother's, anyway. What is to you? It's not the bite you followed me back here in the alley for ... it's this, in shift? This cock and balls of mire. Naw, id on't mind if you watch me whatch on't. Join me? Who cares? If you wanna beat off—it's a free fucking country—beat offit the shift of the sclose as you want, but if you wanna... touch it, gimme a handjob., that's gonna cost you won the not. The sclose as you want, but if you wanna... touch it, gimme a handjob., that's gonna cost you work of the state of the shift of the school was not with the state of the shift of the school was not work of the schoo



"Before I could talk I could draw recognizable netures and it wasn't too long before they started getting duty." So begins the epilogue to The Bam 1988 and More Duty Peterna by Bade, a finely-printed collection of the drawings of this pioneer. American erotic artist. His collection of sequencial drawings. The Bam 1998 amings of homeorcitism—handed from Candastatic collector to collector, copeled, exroset, impartation to a hundred other young gay men who wanted to draw or write about their own sex life and sexual fantasies. The Bam drawings were photographed by George Plant 1, year, the prints were confineded by the New York Polic—after which drawings were photographed by George Plant 1, year, the prints were confineded by the New York Polic—after which narratives Blade created for them, is available that the prints were confined to the New York Polic—after which was published by Stompers and the Lesliel-Johnan Gallery.











Rope Tricks Mark Chester

He always lets it be know that photography is part of the trip, so no one can say afterwards 'But you didn't tell me'. But many times, Mark Chester says, the click of the camera—perhaps a metaphor for the click of handcuffs—makes his subject's dick harder, makes the body strain at the ropes. There is the same commitment to permanence inherent in the clicks of both handcuffs and cameras.

Mark Chester has been talking photographs for 15 years, but only in the last two has the photograph become a vital part of his, and his partners, sexuality. It records, like photos record. It intimidates. It idolizes. It climaxes of its own accord.

A victim of the tragic South of Market fire of 1981, Mark Chester has re-organized his life and his art with a stunning exhibition of photography (his first one man show) at the 544 Natoma Gallery. Some of these images are from that show

Cheters sees sex and photography as parts of an undefined whole, other parts of which are his personal history, his environment, the history of his partner, the moment—everything added together to create a immediate that is at everything added together to create a immediate that is at part and the control of the control

Mark Chester can be contacted via Box 42501, San Francisco, CA 94191. He is available for private commissions.



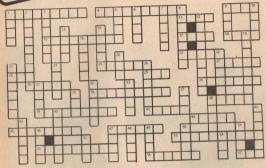
hata A D' A







DRUMSTICKS



ACROSS

- Compliance
- Second half of -fucker,
- handy guy Sex hole (Greek)
- 15. Debase 17. Naked
- 18. Smooch

- 21. Randy 25. Punishes by hand 27. Upright 28. Derriere 29. Expose to sun
- 30. First order to a slave
- Sex opening (English)
- 36. Empty the balls 38. Untrained young slaves
- Sex number Masochist
- 44. Plastic prick 45. Haze
- 47. Crotch 53. Man-loving man
- 55. 10 times a day?
- Denuded
- 57. Do it on a slave's face

DOWN

- By mouth Make self-conscious Important measurements
- Bowel content
 - Assume a worshipful
- Down and dirty 9 Intercourse
- lockeys, e.g. Popper content
- 16. Macho threads
- 19. Fetters 20. Popular term for 54 across
- 22. Slave's response (2 words) Top man
- Beat a slave Applies leather to skin
- 32. Organ
- 33. Well-rounded butt; fuck Daddy's slave

- 38. Gonads 40. Porn film
- 42. Piss drinker, second half of -slave
- 46. Master's cock
- 50. Adore 51. Slave's cheeks
- 49. Greek god of love Word with tail or hind.

48. Saliva



"Honey, I really don't feel like it tonight. I have a headache!"

DRIMBRAS



HOT MAN-TO-MAN TO CONTACT FOR A COOL 35¢ A WORD

ALABAMA

ANYTHING & EVERYTHING
BIRMMCHAM. Two versatile guys,
3bs. Good bodies, would like to share
heir fully equipped playroom with
other buddies. We are into anything
and everything, teather, B&D, S&M,
Toys, Enemas, Water Sports, SHAVING, Caths, etc. tc., We are interested in action, not talk. We are
sincere, and we respect your limits,
and we expect the same. Age no barincret, and we respect your limits,
and we expect the same. Age no barincret. Call or write Butch Brasher.

20453, Birmingham, AL 35216. Phone (205) 979*3909 HOT LEATHER

Gloved, cigar-amoking Leather Master, 6: 145 lbs., w/m 34, 7" cut, seeking brothers in Leather. Mutually saitsfying scene and discretion assured. Limit respected. You must be serious, discriptined, and unsahamed of earned affection. No drugs, scat, or heavy pain. We are a rare breed. Box 485.

ARKANSAS

CALL TITLE ROCK SLAVES

GAT on THE SEAS AN WITH to this
dominant Master 8° 2". 185 lbs. 816"
uncut, if you are white, mession,
not overweight; interested in shawing
uslave throat, bondage, getting the
discipline from you i demand, fistfucking, and letting you know who's
boss. Am experienced, respectful of
include phone number and when you
are available, Box 308B. Box 308B.

NORTHERN

MASCULINE STUD WANTED
MARSHALL. Uncut Capricorn, 43, 673°, 200 lbs. Wants masculine stud willing to give his body for our mutual satisfaction, learning, and pleasure. Details, photo, phone, please. Box SANTA CRUZ Aquarius, 52, 5'11", 190 lbs., white, 6%". Knowledgeable, seeks lover &

exhibitionist nude house slave. Must be bisidired and eager to please with a tight ass, a good consuscier and rimmer. Good III sucker, body hair will be shaved. Under 50. No role switching, no one night stands, drinkers or amoversy also no dopers, hustiers, freeloaders of albitids. No photo, no reply. Box 1288.

SAN FRANCISCO ASS GAMES

Spreadeagled, maybe tied down, nemas, but plugs. Diflose, Vibrators. Spreaders. Hot oil, balls, baltons and other toys. Maybe even a cock or a tongue (Your hole and/or mine). I'm 26, 510°, 155 lbs., brown hair, green eyes, uncut. Send a description or photo of your favorite toy & let me know how you like to use it. Box 1277.

SAN FRANCISCO, W/M, 6', 152 lbs. 34, 8''' hand; into heving my cum-/piss stained jock sucked dry. Sweety balls, arm pits, crotch, ass and all to be licked. Into pissing into lock straps while being blown. Also into showing off my dick in public places that are disretle late at night. Will exchange jocks all over U.S. Photo in Jock and phone number a

must Box 1292.

SAN FRANCISCO. W/M, 31, 5'11-, 170 lbs., enjoys hot times, groups. One-to-one, W/S, FF (top). Leather/Levis. Fantasies, phone, other. Prefer w/m, 21-35, within SF Area. Photo and phone gets response. Your fantasy is my challenge. Chuck.

GOODLOOKING LEATHERMAN CASTRO VALLEY, S, 36, 6', 160 lbs, goodlooking Leatherman seeks M, for Leather Action, obedience, outdoor-bike scenes, bondage, (415) 582-1162 or reply Box 1582. SALIMAS, Piss stop, W/M, 40, wants tather/levi MRN. Peass on stiff, rigid white dickmeat, greedily swallows cum/griss, devours wirtle asshole, worships boot leather, wolfs down dirty, sweat drenched sox, feet, sucks foes, eats richly on toe jam. Arrogant wolf mean, boot leather tough, levi/leather, blond, blue eyed mayericks a real plus. Prefer 18-30.

DADDY WANTED

SAN FRANCISCO. Goodlooking

W/m, 25, 6', 150 lbs., seeks a well

hung daddy to fuck his "boy." Hairy

daddies preferred but not a must.

Send a nude photo to Bill, 3622-B 16th, San Francisco, CA 94114 or call (415) 621-6855.

HANDSOME AIRLINE CAPTAIN SAN FRANCISCO. Handsome sirline captain 30, 5'11". 163 lbs., versatile seeks goodlooking dudes into

line captain 30, 5°11", 163 los., versetile seeks goodlooking dudes into jocks, uniforms, Leather, shorts, athletic gear. Have 7½", thick, for good long workouts. Travel NYC, SF, Miami, Canada, London. Photo, phone. Dick, 625 Post No. 727, San Francisco, CA 94109.

MUSCULAR SLAVE
SAN FRANCISCO. Well defined,
muscular slave seeks trim S fortraining, S&M, Bondage, Face Sitting, Tit,
Cock, Ball work, piercing, Raunch,
But your trip, your way. Travel. Am
40, 510°, 150 lbs. Relation poss.
Phone, Photo. Desc. letter to PO Box
5906, San Francisco, CA 94101.

BLACK CANNIBAL COCKSUCKER
WALNUT—Feasts on stiff, rigid
WHITE dickmeat, swallows greedily
cum'pias, devours virile asshole,
worships boot leather, wolfs down
dirty, sweat-drenched sox, feet,
sucks toes, east richly on toe jam.
Arrogant wolf mean, boot leathertough, levi/leather, blond, blue eyed
mawericks a real plus. Prefer 18-30.
Photo, phone, Box 1670.

OAKLAND.Need your cock and balls bound and tortured? I am the one who can do it for you. Write with details and photo to Box 19065, Oakland, CA 94619.

EX-RANCH HAND loves horsemen, cowboys, troopers, and deputy sheriffs with full discretion. Corrist, stalls, barns, tack rooms, saddies, rawhide and ropes turn me on. Greater S.F. Bay area—Monterey Bay area. Willing to travel California and neighboring states, immobilization. Over 32 years. If you are in authority, write with photo to

Box 832

S.F. PENINSULA. goodlooking, young Min 40s, white, top man, 5°3". ISS lbs., out, seeks goodlooking, well-built, miscouline S7M, 27-40, for intense asshole axe (including FF). Will also fuck your face, use abusive language, and experiment in water sports. Prefer men into snow sking other constructive interests. Could consider as a roommate. Photo preferred. Reply Box ASO.

SAN FRANCISCO, SM, 33, 93°, 136.

5° Cut, goodlooking, haddedged, Libran into Top/bottom trade-offs or non-way clashes with serious leathermen intent on hot bondage and bet sessions, bodies in leathermen intent on hot leathermen intent of hot leathermen intent on hot leathermen intent on hot leathermen intent on hot leathermen intent on hot leathermen intent of hot leathermen intent on hot lea

SAN FRANCISCO, Heavily tattooed, trim Beard & Moustache, Levi Western oriented. W/M, 50, 5'7", 134 lbs. firm, 7" cut. Looking for mellow Macho dude 30 plus to ease him into S&M. Nothing heavy. Letter with picture detailing what you'd require appreciated, SIRI Box 1381.

Assemble, a Drumbat at dis easy, but the few rules is have an hast and fails, 50 observe them or eiths. Seel your letter in a envelope on which you have written below to unknown injuried. You share written the box number on the box number on the box flesh of the envelope. In Voy ser with selection of you want the letter returned should there be some problem with delivery. Put proper postage on the envelope. Include 254 for each letter you want forwarded. Put the whole thing (sealed letter and feel) annother envelope addressed to Drummer. Letters not propely propered will be destroyed.

LA.	U_{i}, U_{i}, U_{i}	312				
15	Harriet S	treet	San	Francisco	CA	94

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Name ___ Address

City/State/Zip

I declare that I am over 21 years of age and that the data in my act is true and correct. I understand that no proof of all will be supplied for me for approval to the proof of a similar to supplied to me for approval to the proof of a similar to supplied to me for approval to the proof of the proof of

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My ad is ____ Words at 35¢ a word.

AD CORY (Blonce Brint Legibly)

LOCAL ONLY SAN JOSE AREA, Asian seeks W/M and wishes to establish friendship possible relationship (open or mor ogemous). Also like me, you're 25-35, stable, intelligent, attractive and masculine. No drugs. Moustache a plus. Send your photo, letter and

SAN EDANCISCO FIST ACTION

Seeking buddies for mutual fist fucking and piss drinking. I'm 5'10", 170 lbs. Moustached Chicano hunk with 7\" endowment and a strong active imagination and curiousity. Dig Leather levis heer non-smokers dildoes, drugs. I'm also a 31 year old Cancer. It would help tremendously sex-magic, and pagan arts. I come first. Box 1445

BEARDED OR MOUSTACHED FACE-SITTERS WANTED I'm 39, 5'10", 140 lbs., bearded, and have no age or race restrictions. Write Horst, Box 101SF.

W/M, masculine, husky hunk, 49 235 lbs., virile, experienced wants macho studs near my size, 30 builders, cowboys, leathermen, etc

reply to Box 170 SAN FRANCISCO S/M 41 6'1" 175 lbs., white, 8" cut, looking for some heavy scenes. Can endure much in either role and wants no-nonsense B&D. new ideas. Dork, 625 Post St.,

San Francisco, CA 94109. HARDASS UNRULY CANNINE MUTT WANTED

with thick, uncut cockmeat, hot-boiling, low-hangin', cum-filled nuts by Black honcho lustin' to collar/leash, break/train as bootdog toilet slave animal. Need boot/cock hungry, piss-thirsty mayerick hunk ing, humiliation. White booton humiliation. White bootdoo tied/roped by its slave animal nuts and ridden hard needs write. Photo /phone for prompt reply. Box 988

BULLCOCK ST. LOUIS, Hot top interested in making contacts with other hot men into heavy body contact, wrestling and piss exchanged. Am 5'11" 9" cut. Fr a/p, Gr active. Into eather/Levi scene with real man Mutual respect is a must No dopers. drunks wimps or members of plan to move to San Francisco in Spring of '81. Box 1362

MUSCLE BUILDER SAN FRANCISCO, Hard-ass SM hunk 28, 5'7", 155 lbs. & cut, solid muscular stud for HOT action and limits expansion. Interests include weightlifting, Harleys, Leathers Levis, Uniforms, boots, whips, porn art, amyl, military SS, J/O, jocks, riding ass and fuckin' face. Seeks to earn attention and service with Slocal (S.F.) or worldwide M's earn right to serve. Box 1536

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT W/m, 28, would love to be put into or ? Would appreciate detailed letter and photo. Box 1715. BALL BUDDIES SAN FRANCISCO. W/M, 34, 6'2" 160 lbs. Bald, medium brown beard light blond moustache, hairy, into ball torture, weights, vices, slapping same, Box 1514

NEW RECRUIT SAN FRANCISCO. 27, W/M, 5'9", 158 lbs. Beard, needs to learn how to achieve what have been only fantasies, an "apprenticeship" to an experienced or not so experienced Master and his slave would be a great start on this journey. I deserve to be humilisted for my inexperience which will only intensify my need to serve. Box

NEWCOMER TO BAY AREA 31 5'4" 128 the M interested in

finding a bike buddy for weekend runs. No FF, Scat. Box 1623. YOUNG CHIROPRACTOR Looking for Doctor to Ass-ociate fornia Coast area. Try this Kansas

farm boy who can plow your furrow and fix your back. Box 1116. SE LEATHED STUD Big Master wants your tight ass & body for my sadistic pleasure. White. 31. 6'1". 29" waist 42" chest 180 lbs. hairy muscular body bearded/tat

tooed. Masculine slaves into S&M leather and being fucked who know they're worthlessness and how to please only need respond Must (no pretties) into piss, hot wax, B&D pain, T/T, boots & cigars, Respect limits if good. No fats, fems, novices and must have Leather. Box A57 WANTED Slave to receive mild R&D torture

from former high school educator.
Any age, any size ok, German and Swedish types desired. Wrestlers ok

WHAT IS BURBER? Rubber shirt, rubber pants with dildo rubber face mask, catheter. Let's rubber together and see W/M 33 for anyone interested in above, Box A42

SAN FRANCISCO, W/m, 41, lbs., wants action not talk. FF (top) whipping, fucking, sucking, heavy tit OAKLAND, W/m 42, 5'7", 165 lbs

Army officer looking for slave into e-in for room, board & allowance Prefer under 25, caucasians only clean shaven. Respect limits. No fems, fats. Box 1342.

SAN FRANCISCO AREA, Well-pi together, pierced and tattooed M, new to area, 38, 6'3", 195 lbs., brown/blue, mustache, cut 61/2", with Leather Master any race, 25-50. incut meat a real plus. C/B torture, W/S, whips, ass work and a lot more just for openers. This animal into Leather and toy collection waiting for you. No fats or fems. All photos get mine and immediate reply. Box 1283. SAN LINE OBISDO ADEA

Leo Bottom 26, (look 21), 5'8", 125 lbs., brn/brn, 6%" Cut. Big balls. Need to be bound in Leather/Ropes Into B&D, Light S&M, C&B/Tit work, toys, getting fucked. No heavy drugs, Scat, FF, Piercing or injury. Rural setting a plus Box 142

TWO HOT HUNKYS SAN FRANCISCO 45 190 lbs & 27 170 lbs. Open and trusting, two or

three ways into sweat. Enjoy big wrestlers, BB types with STAMINA and "SNAP." Also looking for roommate for our place at Market & Castro. Call Larry or Fred (415) 861 no calls after 10 PM. Write to Box 1556 SEX GOES BETTER

WITH SAN FRANCISCO We're two hot voung dudes who love to get it on young dudes who love to get it on and get off with other young guys into 3-ways. Your cock, ass plus us equals long hot action. Suck, fuck,

etc. play and ? Call (415) 673-1865 S.F. ARFA M 45 5'7" 130 lbs 7" cut into bondage, especially with pad-locks. No scat, FF, Your place or mine. Phone & phone, please. Box 14316, S.F., CA 94114. S.F. SADIST

Looking for slaves, age 35-60, for bondage, whipping, leather, shaving, piercing, C&B torture, Master, Box 4244, San Francisco, CA 94101. SAN FRANCISCO-Marihoro Man ontana born, trim beard, moust

ache, balding, hairy chest, hunky, versatile, muscular, tattooed, Leo man seeks other versatile men. I'm 8%", big round hard receptive butt. romantic, honest, intelligent, knowledgeable, sense of humor, responsible, imaginative, mellow, totally presentable in public. Must receive and give: cocksucking, love, touch, feel, kiss, cuddle, belt ass & back. limited pain mixed equally with affection, titwork, spit, WS, dildoes, oil JO, light bondage, spreadeagle, up your butt, and a nice ripe hard butt for eating. Looking for my match to play with or permanent relationship masculine, pleasing personality, lovneed a houseman, estate or ranch caretaker, personal aide, responsible dude can move for the right one. No one under 28, less than 6%" cock, no skinny bird legs, flat ass, fems, fats or slaves need apply. Require recent photo, frank letter detailing your capabilities. Shall get prompt reply. K.N., Box 5171, S.F., CA 94101.

SAN FRANCISCO Nipple/Navel man irless, hard chest seeks same No S&M, drugs. I am 36, 130 lbs., Box SERVE TWO MASTERS

SAN FRANCISCO. Two Leather Masters, 30 and 36, need live-in slave for TOTAL servitude. Our well om will train you into heavy B&D, S&M, regular punishment and fucking. Room, board, allowance, security of ownership will be vience. Call Master Larry at (415) 824-2151 (evenings). Be humble. MASTER WANTS SLAVE

Head and body, who knows where both as serving. Limits discussable and expandable. No drugs, games. Live-in Monteray Blvd, #161, San Francisco,

S/M SAN FRANCISCO Looking for biker or leatherman for permanent relationship. P.O. Box 4244. San Francisco, CA 94101.

SERAY AREA 27 white blond/blue. new to leather scene, like to watch work, make me a convert. Box A47 SAN FRANCISCO MASTER to work you over. Hairy, bearded, crew-cut, erotic painter into total oral/anal obedience, digs worship. 6%" cut. blue eyes, 5'10" sexual athlete, 52. wants macho partners who know tionally stable jocks seeking total involvement need apply. Relation ship, including role-switching possi-ble with right MAN. Strong preference for hairy, red-headed, tattoned truckers and bikers looking for good hot times South of Market, Malof all ages. Willing to train Respects limits but am firm. Push as For inspection and interview, reply with frank letter and recent photo Boy 493

RASSLIN'/FIGHTIN' Fightin' Topman, 28, strong, very cockless wimps afraid to put their asses on the line in an all-out fight! If you think you're man enough to prove me wrong, let's tangle. holds-harred brawl to a definitive submission finish. And after I've whipped your worthless yellow ass, I'll stuff it with my cock and/or fist. Send challenges, photos to Box

I want a hot, no-holds-barred, rough see time with someone who can be my Master and live up to it! Am bored with "green horns"! Hope the right hunk will contact me. Prefer Macho Blacks or Latinos, Box B13.

S/M HOT

Handsome, experienced leather master seeks together man to serve me as slave and MC buddy rider. I am W/m. 28. 5'11", 130 lbs., black hair mustache, blue eves, 8" cut, doubled I EO with insatiable say drive are W/m, 24-45, goodlooking, 5'5" to 5'11", hot, hungry ass for long hot sessions, willing, loyal, submissive nature, trim beard and mustache pre ferred. Must be employed or finan-cially independent. The kind of slave I want I can tie down to the seat of my belt and fill his hole with masters juice and then fuck the hell out of his asshole with my hot experienced hands. Think you can serve a real Master? Then submit a respectful letter of experience with photo and phone to: Sir Calvin Martin, Box 1481. San Francisco, CA 94101, Lim its respected

BLACK MAN 40, 5'7", 128 lbs., looking for man 21-

? to train to my specifications. Should be 5'6" to 6', 120 to 180 lbs. into kink & raunch & capable of blind obedience. Body should be in good shape, age, race & endowment u portant. Uncut with big feet have preference. Require recent photo with letter detailing your capabilities. Box 852

Experienced San Francisco slave, white 24 5'8", 155 lbs. seeks serious leather Master for training in bon dage and bootlicking, water sports and whipping. Box 984.

YOUNG SLAVES WANTED

OAKLAND. Young slaves diapered spanked by handsome Master. 484 Lake Park Ave., No. 36, Oakland, CA SAM FRANCISCO, Muscular by dick, but did sole, but did sol

pain. Box B10.

S.F. LEATHERMASTER
38, 6°5', 166 ibs. 66" uncut, black
hair, mustache, wearts slave with
beard or moustache who does a
good blow job, rimming and licking
crotch & balls for life of obedience
and servitude, ince BáD, TT, CBT,
leather and rubber, FF optional. No
sect or WS. Live-in a possibility
the right person. No overweights,
fats, tems, olds. Send pic to Box Sen

I LIKE LEATHER!

I also like levis, boots and ? I am 5'9", well-built, male Asian. An emperor does not expect to repeat an order, neither do I. If you are a guy interested in the S&M scene and like leather, too, ler's get together. Send a recent picture of yourself and a small introduction. Box AS!

GERONTOPHILES

Et al: Corrupt early 50s, articulate tongue, kind but ruthless, even if I have knowledge of autohypnosis and sex. Send photo. No fats or hardcore drugs. Can you rise to the noceasion?

ARROGANT
Smelly, abusive Master (W, 32, 5'11",
186 lbs., beard) and his personal
slave-dog (W, 32, 5'9", 180 lbs.
beard) invite meetings and correspondence with pigs, latrines, Tops,

adventurors, animals to explore all extremes. Box A65. HOT, HUNG & HAIRLESS TOP Young blonde looking for hairy hemen into wrestling, jockstraps, j/o scenes and Hot Action. Can't get

enough. Box 1322

THE TALLER THE BETTER
SAN FRANCISCO. This hunky
black-leather motorcycle riding stud
looking for guys who think they're
good enough to serve my boots and
boots and the man that lwears them.
Just can't get enough of them, eostblack engineer and logger boots
taller the better. I'm 31, and goodtooking, honest. If you're man
down with yours, drop me all ries. Box
down with yours, drop me all ries. Box
down with yours, drop me all ries. Box

SAN FRANCISCO, Tall 6'6", handsome, aggressive, soft spoken Man with San Francisco's most complete workroom. Looking for slender workroom. Looking for slender dudes into full S&M action. Must be clean, intelligent and anxious to serve a reasonable but demanding top man. For interview send describe tion and phore number. Box 1403. SAN FRANCISCO ASS EATER W/M, 39, 5107, 140 lbs., wants to worship mountached or beautiful control of the same state of t

Angeles, CA 90000.

SAN FRANCISCO, passive, W/M.
Greek, 51, 56°, seeks active Greek with place to submit my slim body clad in panties, etc. for you to the whip, use til clamps and beach me the joys of CAB work, being FFd and percod, P.O. Box 6285, San Fran-

SAN FRANCISCO HANDSOME NOVICE

27, needs help learning the joys of S&M pleasure. Am 5'10", very hairy, husky build, 8" cut, novice. Want 25-35, experienced 5'10" or over, caring, patient teacher preferred. Blond SAN FRANCISCO, M, Scorpio, young 50s, bearded, looking for S, 30s, or older, experienced and inter-C&B restraints and related acti with a view to meeting regularly and seeing where we can go without livlike to be dominated by short, wiry types who like to do it to someone bigger. Technique, experience and attitude are important, race nationality are not. Write Box B17 Whipping Sessions wanted with rience both as bound cocksucking slave and as booted heavy whip weilder. I am uncut, thick cock for

heavy sucking, Age 28, 175 lbs., 6°, bearded. Box 841.

LATRINE DUTY
SAN FRANCISCO — bottom, 36, 6°3°, 165 lbs., 8%° uncut, looking for white beer-gut leather-master for tollet initiation, use me as a latrine, plss-soaked jocks sucked dry, also into fevis and leather, bondage, shaving the same services and services are services and services and services and services are services and services are services and services are services and services are services and services and services are services and services are services and services

SAN FRANCISCO — Two hot pig farmers, both w/m, S: 37, 5'8', 140 lbs., 7' out. M: 40, 5'11', 158 lbs., 8' cut. Have 8ty, toys, FFA, WS, enemas, tils, ass eating and other games. Photo gets photo. Write Troy, Box 31701, S.F., CA 94131. No scall.

SF is that you budgy? It your disc extra-long, and/or extra-linek? Iff you've ever been told, 'I's too big,' and you know that it is a whopper, if you're frustrated by dudes who can't handle you, then you want to meet me. I'm 26, 5117, '160 lbs, ex-pormo be appetible, and if you're a young, super-hung horry dude, into fucking but a hot ass with that meat of yours, plus any other raunchy action (except FF) write with a joil. 'I'm for real, make

SAN FRANCISCO Particular Master, 32, seeks 19-22 leather, levis & bare-foot type for bottom role in light S&M sex. Traveling companion into outdoors activities, possible S role toward 3rd parties with masterful supervision. Box 789.

31.57", 130 ba, win looking for hot, totally uninhibited guys who enjoy mutual play. Am mostly Master, but can switch with right person or play both simultaneously, into S&M, B&D, W/S, seet, leather, wet and raunch) Levis and jock straps, outdoor seenes, exhibitionist. Active FF, to give, receive or both. Spankings, whippings, boots, some rubber. Reacy to explor any other experiences.

SAN FRANCISCO MASTER, 41 5'9", 140 lbs., experienced in bon-dage, FF, WS, boots, S&M. Respectful of limits, willing to experim Fully equipped game room, Box 239 SAN FRANCISCO, Master, W. 25 5'11", 180 lbs., visiting S.F. next summer. Want to meet willing slave into prolonged bondage, rope, mild S&M. C&B restraint. goodlooking slave to show me the city by day and at night submit to bondage. No drugs, fats, fems, scat. if too much body hair, it will have to come off. Send photo Rox 683 SAN FRANCISCO, Hot bearded man, 39, 5'9", 6\%", 160 lbs., cut white, into bodybuilding, backpack ing and disco. Enjoy leather, military ests include cock and body worship oil, movies, i/o, enemas rimming W/S, sweat spit toys rope art occasional FF and B&D (novice but inter ested). No scat and limited pain mixed equally with affection. Prefer slightly dominant, adventurous but level-headed partner(s). No fats or fems. Answer with photo for HOT reply. Box 784 Super-hot goodlooking, hung

young stud seeks other S studs f challenges in top position. Travel to SF, NYC and Chicago often. I am a master who is into other masters welcome. 26, 6', 165 blonde, moustache, 8" cut. For the hottest, try the hottest. Box 674. ARIZONA STUD TRAVELS for hot scenes, 6', blk/brn m, bearded, crew-cut, hung, w/m, 30s, 165 lbs. Seek topmen to meter out heavy, bizarre punishment, mealotomy and other C/B/T as well as other semi-ultimate trips, including deep FF and the rest of your individual desires. The best practitioner will eventually get it all Reply with phone, please to: Boxholder, P.O. Box 26042, Phoenix, AZ

65088.

Selective Sadist requires muscular masochist. Object mutual satisfaction. Mer. Wim. 38, 61°, 180. 105, 8° uncut, inventive. You ready for new formal control of the control of the

SAN FRANCISCO, M. 5'5'M', ibs., 40, new to leather world, ne w/m, 25-40, to show the way. M respect limits, no scat, shaving plercing, Box 783.

Hot and horny young white male looking for good times & hot action. Prefer 25-45, well built man who knows how to give it & love to take it. I'm 23, 5'10", good build and versatile. I like hot people and hot times. If you want a great time, send your picture. Box 857. THREEWAYS GROUP SEX SAN FRANCISCO, Obedient slave and his hunky Master looking for hot levi/leather studs into threeways and group sex. Well-equipped toy chest. No heavy drugs. Your photo gets ours. Box 876.

MASCULINE S WANTED SAN FRANCISCO LIBERAL, M. 50, W. 58", 165 lbs., needs Master into Leather, Boots, Hood. Heavy into bondage, CAB Torture, Shaving, Piercing, Whipping seeks masculine S, who knows what he wants and does it. Photo gets mine, SIR. Box 1357.

ANY SERIOUS DISCIPLE
OF SATAN WANTED
SAN FRANCISCO, Any serious disciple of Satan wanted by evil-minded
w/m Master, 49, 510°, 175 lbs., 6½
Fat, Big-headed, Cut for ritual working out of each others needs, however unusual. Bernael, Box 4373, San
Francisco, Ca. 94,101

STRANGE MEAT

SAN FRANCISCO, GWM, 30, 5'10".

155 lbs. 9". Seeks Black Leather, tough talkin', hard playin', bawdy drinkin', hardy laughin', bell stretchin', handy ropin', but bustin', dude for rough fun. Photo required for response. Single men in San Francisco. Box 1487.

NEW IN SAN FRANCISCO
YOUNGISH DAD, Smart, cigar man,
looking for "son" trim, cute, ass
whipped, pushed, fucked, if good,
invited to breakfast. Box 1463.
NOVICE

SAN FRANCISCO, 27, needs help learning the polymorphisms of the polymorp

MAN EATING SLAVE

MAN EATING SLAVE

SAN FRANCISCO. Hot w/m 24. Will
worship your Ass. Cock. Balls,
Boots, Nipples and Arm Pits with my
HOT MOLITH Also die RBD W/G

R

SAN FRANCISCO, Hot w/m 24, Will worship your Ass, Cock, Balls, Boots, Nipples and Arm Pits with my HOT MOUTH. Also dig B&D, W/S, Greek Passive. Photo appreciated. Greg, Box 1501.

HEAVILY SADISTIC

HEAVILY SADISTIC
GEUNNEVILLE, Applications for
full-time, live-in slave now being
accepted. I am a 30 year cold indeaccepted. I am a 30 year cold indecategories and a 30 year cold indeintelligent, and heavily adolistic You
affald of hard work, long hours, and
heavy pain when deserved. You two
sheavy pain when deserved. You two
up and I'll forture you till you pass
out. You must be into heavy genital
pain on a regular basis. Mail your
Photol, list of experience, and sincerely
Photol, list of experience, and sincerely
Road, Gerunneville, CA gloda.

ABSOLUTE TOP.

ABSOLUTE TOP
SAN FRANCISCO, Wm, 31, 6'1"
Absolute top, demands genuine
motorcycle CHIP for obedience, servitude and respect. You produce and
I'll provide. Only the Genuine need
respond. Send photo and brief profile. Write Box 773.

SAN FRANCISCO MASTER Master, 5°11", 180 lbs, seeks slaves for my pleasure. Your body and mind are no longer yours when you step through my door. A photo guarantees a reply. Box 184

SAN FRANCISCO, Goodlooking son dy's toy I am in Drummer No page 24 as Drummer's Daddies' Boy. Write w/picture to Box 1502 Fuck a hot ass, piss on it, slap it, make

SAN JOSE, 54, 5'2%", 110 lbs., uncut 6". Virgo. Blond hair, blue eyes. I like the smell and feel of leather on my leather levis and hoots Write Box

DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS HOT SAN FRANCISCO

LEATHERMASTER 32, 6', 165 lbs., will train slave(s) in complete subservience. Will guide right slave from bootlicking to shavto whinning to piercing to branding. Be prepared to give your self without thought. Box 1455.

BALL BUDDIES SAN FRANCISCO, W/M, 6'2", 160 lbs. Bald, trim, Light Brown Beard. Blond mustache. Heavy into Ball weights, hitting, slapping squeezing, vices. Ball presses, etc. Tit work too. Top and Bottom, interested in same. Box 1514

CAN EDANCISCO Nipple/Nave same. No S&M or drugs. I am 36, 130

SLAVES AND POTENTIAL SLAVES complete servitude as a way of life and not just a game. (Experience not ready to take complete control of Daily spankings & Humiliation. I am not into Fist Fucking, Scat, Heavy S&M, or Drugs Box 1505.

SE ADEAM 45 5'7" 130 lbs 3 into bondage, especially with pad-locks. No scat. FF. Your place or mine. Photo & phone, please. Box 14316, S.F. CA 94114.

SKANDINAVIAN KINK SAN FRANCISCO, DOMINANT Kinky artist looking for bottom, patron, I am 6', 165 lbs, Lean, Muscuar. Masculine. Best Face-Sitter in the Brotherhood-needs help. Chest 42" Waist 30", have blond hair, blue eves, chiseled features, large nip ples. Very goodlooking man into Bar-

VERY GOODLOOKING

WEIGHT LIFTER SAN FRANCISCO, M, 30, 6'1", 42' chest, 30" waist, 7", Very goodlook-Masculine, Jogger-Weight lifter Needs piss, shit, spit, VA Fats, fems, phonies, average looks/builds—don't waste my time.

S.F. BLACK LEATHER/BOOTS dressed in full leather, looks hot and hand a hard cock, have a job, then get on your fucking knees and write. Don't expect a long reply from me. I want to meet you instead. Absolutely

CHAIN ME IID For the weekend. Don't let me see your face. Shave my head before you hood me Cover my shaved, beltmarked hody with piss & hot wax Give me nothing to eat but piss & cum (maybe even my own). I need

limits. San Francisco, 44, 6', 170 lbs NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

AND S.F. AREA UNCUTS Brown hair/eyes, bearded, UNCUT nicely portioned, W/m, 32, 5'10", 170 lbs. looking for MENI UNCUT MENI Hairy w/beer out! Into heavy cock must have photo to exchange frank, candid reply. P.O. Box 14098, San Francisco, CA 941140098.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA FOR FUN

SAN DIEGO. As naked quest. I want to be your personal toilet. Serve me used beer and white buns, plate camp seat, crotch, ass, bedpan. Okay if I have breakfast in bed? Tanned lanky, brown long hair, white butt the hospitality of hed and toilet? A

TITS AND ASS LOS ANGELES, 40s, stocky hairy body, shaved head wants bun warmers and warmees for long reciprocal spanking, tit-pinching than talk about it, want to expand limits for both of us. Box 709

TORTURE ORANGE COUNTY: W/m, attractive roles. Photo with reply to: No

B&D Dad wants masculine Daddy's boy. (213) 763-5652.

WANTED IN NAKED BONDAGE LOS ANGELES, Young, slim, sexy dark-headed Latino, tossel-haired fucking, masculine, trim, goodlook ing, 40 year young, white stud. No FF drugs. No punishment unless you Man-Boy, unless you really want to touched, held, fondled, caressed Man-Boy will have no choice but to boy, younger brother or dutiful son. Eager. Young tight-assed beginner welcome and preferred. warned-you will be fucked my way Send your Los Angeles phone number, Man-Boy, a recent photo and description, and humble letter.

HOT MUSCULAR BLOND LOS ANGELES 6'3", 185 lbs., 38, seeks trim Gr/act buddy, 18-28

Photo gets mine, Aries, Box 60851. Los Angeles, CA 90060 LOS ANGELES White Dad, 44, 6'3", to youthful, trim guys who need a lot of attention. Prefer non-Jocks, thin, inexperienced OK, Box 1565

LEATHER LINIFORMS

VAN NUYS Looking for Leather Master to bind me with leather, ropes and affection. Light S&M. Your photo will get mine. Paul. 6375 Van Nuvs Van Nuvs. CA 91401. LOS ANGELES M. goodlooking 25

ligent, strong, stern topman familiar of leather sex. Don't write unless you return receive my respect, devotion hero worship and full rights to my

REAL MEN READ DRUMBEATS

Am 6'4" Brown hair blue eves moustached, 190 lbs. I've modeled looking for warm contact. Brain and body. Box 1413.

L.A. WATER LOS ANGELES Stud fuckee wants shoot some hot water in first, before you hit it with your best shot. 6"1" 165 lbs., 34. Photo exchange. Box 1562

WIDE OPEN ASSHOLE LOS ANGELES W/m, 33, 5'11", 150 lbs., goodlooking, has HOT asshole into long heavy FF scenes. liberal-minded men into long lasting

TAKE IT LIKE A MAN GIVE IT THE SAME WAY LOS ANGELES Clean, non-smokers fuck and rim like experts, and can take the same are sought by stocky, shaved head who wants to take it and dish it out with versatility and affect tion. Willing to experiment and expand limits. Box 709.

RIDE A COWBOY RIVERSIDE AREA Urban Cowboy. ride him saddle harness as you like-wants limits tested but with respect. Seek wild colts with mane, moustache over 30, Must travel to your stable. Will arrive in

WANT REAL MASTER NORTH HOLLYWOOD Wanted white male, 25-40, into motorcycles camping, backpacking, S&M, Bon dage, discipline, Am white, 130 lbs slave in search of a REAL MASTER to

DEMANDING MASTER SAN DIEGO Slave wanted by HOT HUNG San Diego Master, demand-ing but loving if earned. For more rmation write. Photo a must. Box

SHORT TOP FFA MEN LOS ANGELES W/m, 31, 6'4", 166 lbs. Wants Ssort men with hot experienced hands to plow ASSHOLE

LOVE TO EAT BUTT LOS ANGELES W/m, 30, love to eat

HOLLYWOOD Goodlooking uncut stud seeks dominant butch formed law man, cycle cop, leatherman SS or Gestapo types for head trins, discipline, submission, mad doctor C&B. Witchcraft and a few other outrageous farout things that we will talk about. Aroma, etc. No one

Please Sir. Box 187 HUNTINGTON BEACH Male Muscular surfer 36. Blonde, blue eyes. looking for permanent relationship very heavy top into leather piercing, whipping, wax, FF, WS, dildoes etc. Will consider all tops but prefer someone with smarts and a sense of humor who is a romantic and likes desert and surf as well as smoke and aroma. Ray (714) 842-6843 or write with picture to Box

ORANGE COUNTY/LONG BEACH W/M 36, 6'2", 187 lbs., 7". Bearded, and/or meet someone to play with anything. Prefer hot, horny, uninhibited dudes into sucking, fucking verbal abuse, variety and prolonged sessions. Frank letters and photo

ORANGE COUNTY Hot, hung, leather studs who want to bring hot LOS ANGELES White male animal worked under reins and whip. Mature LOS ANGELES Hot, hunky, cowboy blue eyes, beard; wants to start Dildo Club. Interested dudes drop

DRUMBEATS SPELL RELIEF BIG WIDE OPEN ASSHOLES WANTED

L.A. W/m, 31, 5'11", 165 lbs., wants stand several hours of heavy ass

BURBANK Slave Danny will submit 241 East Alameda Ave., Burbank, CA

THREE WAYS-GROUP SEX LOS ANGELES Obedient slave and r/Levi and Uniform Studs into three does. Fist fucking and other interletter gets immediate response. Box

HOLLYWOOD BOTTOM 24, 6', 135 Toys, etc. Want to try everything TOILET FACE SITTING

WHY NOT?
Train novice, 8', 150 lbs., 49, W/m, to eat scat, any method, without respects to my limits. Used beer enjoyed. Any topman W/m okay. Fifth freak, small butt preferred, salapping, splitting, dirty talk/acenes. Box 9997, San Diego, CA 93109.
TRAINING-CONTROLLED

TRAINING-CONTROLLED BEHAVIOSilppery Dick. Novice. Cut/Uncut, hot, used ok. Proper request to: Sir, Box 1103, Los Angeles, CA 90088.

LOS ANGELES AREA W/m, 5'6", 128 lbs., 28. HOT. Seeks patient master for training novice. Must respect limits, I desire to serve. No pain or drugs. Exchange photos, ideas, Box 1399.

SAN DIEGO Top, 40, 6'17, 195 lbs., into all scenes, tits, W/S, FFA. Have full equipment. Will train novices.

SAN DIEGO MEN
Two men, 38 and 39, seek contact with other men into fucking, fisting, W/S, jack-off, jockstraps, leather, and funky wear. Couples preferred. No fats, fems. No non-smokers! Box

PALM SPRINGS
M, 34, 6'2", 180 lbs., desires S who is dominant in mind as well as body. Levis/Leather a turn-on. Box 902.
ORANGE COUNTY/LONG BEACH Goodlooking tan blond bottom. Terry (7'14) 995-0511.

SIRI
Wim stave, 33, 5111, 150 lbs., 7" cut, trim beard and mustache seeks Masser for serious training. Am obedient, respectful, quick learner, goodlooking, masculine and need to be brought to my knees in service. Bob., 256 S. Robertson, No. 3089, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Can travely.

LOS ANGELES M, W/m, 34, 5'7', smooth, alim, good body, 126 lbs., intelligent, goodlooking, looking for intelligent S. I need to serve my man and expect eventually only the limitations my Master has for me. Especially like to serve others for you. I need to be me to properly serve you.

LOS ANGELES I dig licking your big balls and swallowing your hot cum. Am 38, 57", 140 lbs., 7", neat body. Will fulfill any fantasy. Box 975. SENSATIONAL AND FREE

SENSATIONAL AND FREE

Out of this world servicing for muscular top studs any race, especially
orientals and blacks. Punish my red
hot buns or fantastic mouth job.
You'll go crazy for more, nothing like
it. Absolutely discreet. Orange
County, Los Angeles. Write your
thing, I'll phone or reply. Box 1366.
Don't miss this super servicino.

LEATHER TEDDY BEAR
Clean cut, All-American, blond guy
evailable to be possessed and ocities of the control of the control of the control
to control of the control of the control
to demand physically and psychologically and will teach his novice
size how to serve him affectionately,
save him affectionately,
save him affectionately
acting, intelligent and totally presentable, as much at home in Brose
Bross. as in bondage, No hard or
prossible. To claim your bear,
respond to Box 928.

BIG MATURE TITS
P.O. Box 69, Desert Hot Springs, CA

LOS ANGELES Rot hungry slave dog wants serious and heavy top, 30-40, into Leather, uniforms, Heavy Bondage, Confinement, physicialmental discipline, wax, WS, fist fuckling, and total servicing, Seek hot vening or weekend of servitude and obadience. Send photo. Box 1572. TORTURE FANTASIES

TORTURE FANTASIES

LOS ANGELES Raunch. Hungry pigslave-master 30, 5"7, 150 lbs, wants to explore intelligent flith and torture fantasies with hairy-assed souzmongers, top and bottoms. HOT men 18-50 into C&B Torture W/S, soat and natural fist fucking. Write Box 1399

FIGHTER
LOS ANGELES Hot, white, 23-yearold, 6, 180 lbs., brown and blue. Gets
into no-holds-or-blows berred fighting with boxing gloves, feet and
knees; into S&M, and other. Top
unless beaten C&R Tit etc. Serious

uniess beaten. C&B, Fit, etc. Serious only. 21-28 only. Box 1566.

HOTTEST ASS IN L.A.
Hot adventurous bottom, 30, hairy, horny, & high, ninto Leather/Levis & toys. Gets it on with smooth hot guys. Needs Topmen with class to plug this tight little ASS. Box 154.

HOT ASS WANTED
LOS ANGELES W/m, 29, 5'9", 155
lbs. Leather/Levi Top seeks W/m,
into FFA, B&D, belt worship. Have
playroom, all that's missing is your
hot ass hanging in my sling. Photo
and phone number. No fats or fems.
Box 1564.

LOS ANGELES AREA SOUTH
Goodlooking, 38, trim and hol. Experienced, mustached, bartender and
water would like to work at your next
few function of the control of the contro

Collars and heavy Gr. Come work this punk's ass. Box 997.

HOT HORNEY HAIRY HUNKY HUNG LA AREA 46, 5'9', 1'9 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, 8'4' uncut, into light SAM, B&D, locks, leather, Ws. TT, FF, UO, fantasy trips. Open to most pew scenes, will answer with phone new scenes, will answer with phone

LOS ANGELES Hot hungry slave dog want photo:

LOS ANGELES Hot hungry slave dog want settler and heavy top, 30-40, into 1-40, into 1-

BAD TOP DADDY

40, 5'7", 140 lbs., seeks tight-assed
masculine slaveboy, 18—35. Slave's
only desire should be to serve and
please his Master, Box 1743.
MEN WANTED

With big, heliry legs spread wide, with uncut thick cock, hanging balls, hairy ass forservicing. My face needs to be used as a saddle. Long sessions of rimming. WS, crotch eating, raunch. Must be white. I'm 46, 6°, 175 lbs. Write for phone number. Box 1710.

NEED RITUALISTIC MASTERS
Will worship, serve totally Masters
requiring constant homage, blind
obsolence and whofil control absobenefit on the control absobenefit on the control absotures, public exhibition, humiliation
and eventual sale. Box 36433, Los
Angeles, CA 90036.

Wife ThoLL WOOD

Wim, 32, S111, 100 ha, prous, their
body, it, brown hair, moustaine, bile
poky, it, brown hair, moustaine, bile
poky, ith cook and body worship,
heavy it work, it S&M, rimming, cum
eater, Wis, occasional FF, leather,
leaf lover, also 3-ways, Truckers and
self-wis, occasional FF, leather,
leaf lover, also 3-ways, Truckers and
beater with the control of the control of the
leaf leaf lover, also 3-ways, Truckers and
beater with the control of the control
leaf lover, also 3-ways, Truckers and
leaf lover, also

VENICE AREA 2 W/m/s, 31, 511*.

185 lbs., blond/blue and 27, 57* 125
lbs., blond/blue and 27, 57* 125
lbs., blond/blue and 27, 57* 125
lss., blond/blue and 27, 57* 125
lss., blond/blue Locking for W/m
slaws to serve. limits respected,
more well blue blue blue blue blue blue blue
photo and Description. Box 1594.
LOS ANGELES slave, 43, 61, 65 bls.
LOS ANGELES slave, 43, 61, 65 bls.
with large C/B digs recolving C/B/T
work. SSM. leather/levis, etc. Box
A65.

WM. Hot. you'ng 18-39, Topmen no 8A0, SaN, WK, Levis, Leather, Jocks, Master/slave games. Face sit ling, fucking, sas play nor FS, and in need of head to toe service in not looking Wm. 46, 67, 185 is 2004-100king January 1

playroom. George, Box 5641, Hunt Bch., CA 9464.

HOLLYWOOD
M. 44, 5°5½", 130 lbs., willing to try anything with the right Master. Prefer S/M., 35-55 in leather, levi, jockstrap.

HAIRY HUNKY HUNG

LA AREA 46, 5'9', 179 lbs., brown
hair, blue eyes, 8'# uncut, into light
SAM, B&D, jocks, leather, WS, TT,
FF, JO, fantasy trips. Open to most
new scenes, will answer with phone
and photo. Box 349.

HOT & READY IN LA

HOT HORNEY

Scandinavian man, 33, vesatile (very), good body, goodlooking, Enjoy 3-ways and groups also, Levis, leather, jocks, grease, outdoor scenes. Good men and good sex get same. Box 853. LOS ANGELES Slave, 40s, with large C&B, digs receiving C&B torture, piercing, etc. Box 1740.

COLORADO
DENVER COWBOY
Needs Leather/Levi Master. P.O. Box
18595, Denver, CO 80218.

18595, Denver, CO 80218.

DENVER AREA
Loves to be bottom. I like all forms of sex and enjoy it most out of doors.
Am 33.5'8". 150 lbs. Well-built men

20-45 who like head jobs and hard fucking, write Box A25. No tats.

CONNECTICUT

Young dude into 50/50 relationship, mutual pleasure, sharing time and space. Looking for white dude, 18—25, cut, for brother, friend, lover relationship, long or shart term. Not into

pain, just love, pleasure and open sex. Box 1721. GWM, 27, 180 lbs., short brown hair, trim beard, seeks sincere with rubber interests. Prefer older, bearded, heayyset, avuncular. Distant okay. Box yyset, avuncular. Distant okay. Box

PASSLIN Young, hot, muscular stud, 8-7", 140 lbs., seeks jocks for assini. Box Bas EPRFIENCED LEATHER MASTER Locking for Leather/Levi, S&M slave. Those who want a dominant having the control of the con

STAMFORD S with bull whip requires total obedience. Have 9% to force feed your mouth or ass. Only interested in real men over 20. Box 579.

SOUTHERN CONN. MASCULINE HOT AND HORNY W/m, Aries, 42, 510°, good body, 162 lbs. with 7' UNCUT. Into motorcycles, boots and really hot sessions. Mostly MASTER but can switch with right person. Ready to explore any other experiences. Box 1477.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA NEED TO BE CONTROLLED

S, 6', 51, 185 lbs, will train slave any age with good body, firm burns. Macculine looks a must. Box 70, sim burns. Macculine looks a must. Box 70, 5'11', 160 lbs, 30' weist, white, 6'', runner/weightlifter. Well-built, lean, muscular, interested in similar 5' for erotic S&M. B&D. Box 215.

MD. DC, VA AREAS

Two booksulfaces 8, ET 172 both control of the cont

FLORIDA

Daytona—Wanted: Permanent
House Slave, Box 226, Daytons, FL

DRUMBEAT ADS ARE HARDER

Animal lover, WPB dude wishes to friendship and exchange of ideas. Box 1702. West Palm Beach, FL

REAL COPS ONLY Goodlooking, well built guy seeks mean, aggressive, no-nonsense cops

for his pleasure. Not interested in phonies or play acting. Real cops only. Can travel, Box 009. TAMPA BAY AREA Wm 27, 6'6" 200 lbs., hung, seeks S to strip, whip, tor-ture my big nipples and whatever else turns him on. Box 332, Elfers, FL

FORT I AUDERDALE Stallion wants other stallions who seriously will fight for the right role. Only young. cocky attitude should respond. If you're used to ridin', see how it feels to have the real stud up your ass. Got the balls, you half-assed "S"? Box 11624. Coral Ridge, Ft. Lauderdale,

TALLAHASSEE W/m, 24, 5'9", 165 lbs., wants to be trained to serve a master's needs. L/L, uniforms, har-nesses. Box 474.

Want to eat from your dog bowl and feel your riding crop. If you have uncut thick cock, hanging balls, a hairy ass for me to eat from, and you are very strict in your demands please contact me. I am 39, 5'10", 184

SI AVE TRAINING AVAILABLE SUNRISE Masculine, goodlooking candidates for training. Applicant shall include photo with written or recorded (cassette) application Box

STALLION VS STALLION LAUDERDALE WRESTLE COCK-FIGHT, Spank, ver., Leather Piss, just fine, You/us. Me the Fuck Goodlooking, 28, 162 lbs. 5'10%', 7%" cock, BB wants ridin' the hole of another proud beatin' Stallion E'Spanol, arrogant young dudes at Box 11624, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33308 Bang Balls and I'll show you what a

SM PISCES 36, 5'8", 165 lbs., wall built, white, 6"

RED-NECK FIGHTER Muscular young gladiator slave into all types of fighting, westling, box-ing, etc. Tough, well-built figures send challenges/photos to: Bud "Maciste" Becher, c/o 5260 N.E. 6th Avenue, No. 8, Ft. Lauderdale, FL

FT. LAUDERDALE Part-time slave wanted by Scorpio, trim, athletic, bondage, discipline, humiliation, naddling Novice or experienced Must have firm body, smooth ass, gent, discreet, youthful. No fats, fems, phonies. Send detailed honest letter with photo and phone number to Box 881

MOTORCYCLE COPS Muscular hairy stud, 6', 165 lbs. wants to correspond with motorcycle cops and other MEN into same. Only into disciplined scenes need reply Discretion assured. Box 111F.

HOT ADVENTURES IN PARADISE headed hard-playing 35-year-old welcomes other adventurous studs into exploring and actualizing out mutual fantasies. I'm attractive, intelligent, responsible, muscular and me on. Bonds, big tits, interest in are pluses, but less important than a hot body and sense of adventure Planning a vist to paradise? Reply

ET LAUDERDALE Masculine imaginative, dominant Master seeks together studs into FF, WS, bondage, S&M, C&B/T, piercing, shaving, for 3-way with in-house slave. Can permanent damage or scat. Demanding but considerate. Am 45 165 lbs. cut with big balls and big hands

SW FLORIDA S Top, leather biker stud. 39. 5'7", 140 lbs., crew-cut, construction worker, heavy-hung, digs masculine only humpy service bud dies for long hot leather sessions. No fats, old men, etc. You get my atten tion if you are into leather, levis, boots, bikes, cigars, aroma, etc. Am dominant and aggressive, sane and sensible Respect limits Limited photo to Box 315

MIAMI W/m, 42, 5'10", 160 lbs blond/blue. Show off your toud hard body with this goodlooking raunch man into workout mates, min ror i/o, piss worship, sweat, heavy dildo and enema action sought and given. Tender young guys expertly taught how to be men. w/photo. Box 47

HAIRY MACHO MEN If you're into funky, hot, sweaty sex and are hairy, rugged, rough maswould do to me. This good slave can travel and can receive. Also specializing in WS, S&M, B&D, rimming, Fr and Gr with Mr. Right. Box 59

Attractive, stable, intelligent man mid 20s, white, has been exploring sado-masochism several years; wants similar man to mid-30s for honest continuing weekend explorations. Must have come to an unde standing that mutual exploration, support, respect, and care are requitral to any real sado-masochistic encounter. Not looking for one fantasy fuck. Honest only with a sense of Florida Prefer Top/bottomman, Box

GEORGIA GREEK ACTION

ATLANTA Very goodlooking GWM, 25, 180 lbs., 6', Greek passive bodybuilder into wrestling, leather, bon dage and heavy, hot, hard Greek action. Looking for muscular, masing the hole of a proud, arrogant stud, 7" or more a plus. If you fucking a tight ass, and think you are man enough to make me submit to your will, then write to: Butch Mentzer, Box 52910, Atlanta, GA

DECATUR M/S 35.6" W/minto bondage, levis, whips, SM, toys and ball work. No FF, scat, injury or permanent marks. Send photo. Box 1738.

SLEAZY ACTION

AUGUSTA W/m 42 150 lbs. 6 Can be top, prefer bottom for experienced man. Box 1571. ATLANTA MS Aquarius, 34, 5'8", 135

25 into B&D suspension tit workouts and similar action. Able to take charge, but prefer not to. Respect for limits assumed, expansion by mutual consent. Box 714.

M, 26, white, 5'10" rough fucking and fist fucking, piss SAM RAD verbal abuse, leather levis hoots Seeks meetings or cor respondence with appressive Tops in IISA Furone Canada Australia fems, scat, scars, or blood. Box 288. DOMINANT TOP WANTED

ATHENS W/m, 6'1", 185 lbs., red hair/beard, seeks muscular, dominant topman. Write w/photo: ROY 124 Mulberry Street, Athens, GA

ILLINOIS

CHICAGO RINGED M, 31, 6'1", 175 lbs. Needs humiliation and abuse from strong-willed cocky Master, into suspension, bondage, tits, piss, rubber, Write Wolf, 6636 Newgard St., Chicago, IL 60626. CHICAGO/ST, LOUIS W/m, 42, tall slender, tattooed and kinky. Looking for C/L well-built jocks and leather

studs who have what it takes to fuck my ass into total submission, then and only then will I kiss your feet and takes a MAN. Box 1608

DUNGEON/PLAYROOM CHICAGO Dungeon/Playroom available for your private sessions or parties, 1,000 sq. ft., fully equipped, cell, tub, slings, suspension and R&D area, rack, toys, posts, etc. Private. Reasonable. Top Supervision optional. Traynor (312) 525-3341 SLAVEBOY SOUGHT

CHICAGO W/m, 44, 6'2', 165 lbs., hairy, wants small, slender slave houseboy. Must be 20 to 30, under 140 lbs., with small, firm buns and gentle, somewhat fem, pretty boy (a type not now fashionable) who needs permanent, secure relationship, and No drugs. Box 1567 man"

LICK A DIRTY BODY CHICAGO Pig ass of any kind (crudy crotch, armpits, and ass, piss or shit toilets, face sitting, mud, sweat, grease) in or out of clothes (uniforms, Leather, levis, jocks, gym shorts etc.) with or without bondage. Hot goodlooking man, 35, 6', 165 lbs seeks guys into any of the above to serve me or do mutual trade-off. Fantasy, dildoes, pain, role playing, any-We can do it all. Travel US. Send photo and dirty letter. Box B64 DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS EANTASIES FULFILLED

CHICAGO MASTER White male, 41 6'3", 195 lbs, will fulfill your fantasies Military Discipline, S&M, Fraternity Initiations, Prisoner, Humiliation, Rondage, etc. Send photo if possible. All replies answered. Chicago Metro-politan Area only. P.O. Box 2630, Chicago, IL 60690.

Chicago Aries 29, 6"1", 200 lbs., mus-cular S. dominant and knowledges ble 7" cut. Handsome bodybuilder knows how to give orders, knows how to get service, and knows how to he submission 21-35 obedient.

NEED HAIRY-CHESTED SADIST CHICAGO To work me over in heavy scenes for mutual pleasure. Cigar smoker a plus. Cock, balls, tit piercings, fisting, ball busting, etc. I am 6'1", 190 lbs., 37, with 8%" cock. In good shape. Box 1371. CHICAGO COUPLE Into FF. BAD.

seek like-minded men for three ways Bottom, 27, 6', 140 lbs. 6". Reply with photo gets ours. Only serious minded MFN need reply. Box 1340.

SLAVE FOR SALE AND/OR RENT 5'10" 195 lbs. Brown hair, Blue eyes

31-46. Extra strong body and spirit S&M, B&D, W/S, etc. Not used often CHICAGO White, 34, 5'6", 140 lbs. cock. Top wants other tops or multi-scene action: sucking, fucking,

the hetter I etters with photo gets same-pronto. Box 1460 WANTED: Writer peeds input for story tellin'. Der Fledermaus savs my fiction lacks authenticity-so tell me the S&M 'do's' and 'don'ts'. Brian O'Hara, 4321 W, 95th St., Oak Lawn.

IL 60453 CHICAGO W/m, 38, 6'3", 180 lbs., 8' seeks friends/slaves 30 or over, in good physical condition with level

Big young man, 21, 5'10", 234 lbs. looking for someone to teach me S&M and anything that can be be a slave and Master. Please send what you want to teach me. Dennis Box 18. Toxanne Trailer Ct., Carbon

CHAIN GANG CHICAGO W/m, 34, 6'6", 260 lbs. beard, seeks to be chain gang prisoner on weekends. Forced hard labor outdoors in shackles, dawn to dusk, chained dirty at night. Box

BLACK LEATHER Toilet, submissive, deprayed and

dominant booted Leather uniform Master, Lawman and human being for uninhibited, wild times. Your fantasy is my command. Box 1732 CHICAGO,Slim, mature, big, heavy foreskined cock worshiper into tit-work, seeks same. Box 1730. Goodlooking, slender, W/m, 24, seeks young Master to worship his body and soul. Like verbal abuse

leather, levis, spankings, WS ming, ass kissing and more. Prefer 18—32. Photo a must. Tell me your orders. Travel possible. Box 1718.

INDIANA

MASTER WANTS SLAVES: FORT WAYNE Novice or experienced. Light or Heavy S&M. Must have good body. Master is mascu line, 42, lean, muscular, 5'11", 160 lbs. Write: P.O. Box 12302, Fort Wayne, IN 46863.

REAL MASTER WANTED INDIANAPOLIS W/m, 23, 5'11 lbs., 7". Hot slave seeks real Master to put me in my place. Make me beg to serve your boots and cock Fill mouth with your piss and my ass with your manhood. Into all fetishes, verbal abuse, bondage. Can travel. If you're man enough to tame me

EVANSVILLE W/m, 30, 5'11", 175 lbs., bearded and hairy. Seeking bigmuscled men into flexing, body mi sage and body contact. Box 1254 INDIANAPOLIS M 49 5'10" 170 , white, inexperienced, Will make up in obedience what I lack in experience. Seeks sincere. to bring out the best in me. Will try anything once. Can travel to surrounding states. No blood and no

scat. Photo please. Box 833. INDIANAPOLIS M. 26. 6'. 6%" cut, into B&D, heavy S&M, Will try anything at least once, but basic interest is heavy ball work. Turns on to Blacks, hairy men. 21-45. No fate. fems, drugs, w/s or scat. Box 1549 IOWA

IOWA MASTER 6', lean, white, seeks manent slave for complete physical & mental training, naked bondage & submission. Must be lean or muscular, hairless in body and ready for slavery in mind. Send photo, applica-tion & phone to Box 979

DRUMBFAT ADS ARE HARDED KENTUCKY MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

LEXINGTON S 38 5'11' 175 lbs experienced in all scenes All limits considered. Must have firm body and have your head on If you are ready. now. Box 986, Lexington, KY

LOUISIANA MILD/MODERATE SM Administered to willing submissive types by W/m, 35. Box 50964, N.O., LA 70150

MASTER FATHER W/m Master seeks 'Daddy-Boy slave. Total submission. Your life belongs to me. Only serious w/m slaves may apply. Box 1922. Kenner.

LEATHER/POLICE UNIFORMS NEW ORLEANS W/m, 35. Police Uniforms, boots, B&D, S&M smell, taste and feel of Leather, high black boots, full police uniform and gear. I seek a few discreet men into the same. Occasionally travel. Box

FATHER-SON MONROE W/m, 34, 6', 175 lbs., into father/son, reform school type discipline, Both roles, Would like to hear about fantasies and possibly meet Box 1576

My phone is (318) 984-WS/BD: These things employ

then my body you enloy

NEW ORLEANS MASTER: NEW ORLEANS 45, 5'6", 135 lbs., 6", into B&D, dildoes, C&B, T/T, straps, belts, FF, W/S. Seeks summer trainees, 18-30. Must be together and sincere. Send honest letter with photo, Box 1541.

MAINE

HAVE A FANTASY? Want it to come true? Two bearded dudes from northern Maine woods into all scenes: groups, FF, WS, J/O tit and ball torture, bondage, voyeu rism smokes and aroma; ready for hot, kinky action. Come visit, write or Your photo gets ours. Lee Quebecois sont surtout les bienve nus. Box 796

MARYI AND

MASTER LUTHERVILLE Master seeks respect and service from 2-legged stud with Will consider novice trainee Send photo & full information. Box

WANTED BALTIMORE CLEAN, WELL-HUNG, HOT ASSED, HARD DICK, BUTT FUCKIN', ASS EATIN', DICK SUCKIN', TOE SUCKIN', WHITE, to work 8 hours, sleep 8 hours and fuck 8 hours a day, every,day. To service two hot, tattooed, pierced shaved, self-supporting whites, 35 and 40, into total mind and body ownership, shaving, piercing, C&B, tit torture, toys, W/S, FF, and much

more. Two fully equipped playrooms. Tattoos and piercing a plus but not presently required. Objective: Permanent full-time, three-way relationship, possible business part-LEATHER UNDERGROUND, 208 READ STRET, BALTIMORE, MD

BLACK MALE, 6'1", 180 lbs., 6' needs hung males for Greek action. I have ass with class and I'm hot and horny. All races welcome. Please send phone, photo and SASE, Box

White male, 45, 5'5", 160 lbs., bottom looking for top. No scat, FF, or dope. All else ok. Blacks or whites. Max Gertson, 9 Manchester Place, Silver Spring, MD 20901

BALTIMORE OR WASHINGTON. DC area SM (either role), into L/L, WS, CBT/T, B&D, strap, FFA, no Apply with picture stating desires. Frequent visitor to Chicago L.A., S.F. Box 855

NOVICE BALTIMORE AREA M, 5'11", 180 bs., 6" cut, seeks sincere under standing, experienced and knowledgeable master to bring out ability to serve. Am willing, obedient, and eager to learn, Some US travel. Box

HAGERSTOWN W/m, 35, 6'1", 170 lbs., bodybuilder looking for other masculine well-built bodies. Must be totally male. Box 36

BALTIMORE AREA M/S 5'8" 180 lbs., interested in meeting locals or in general for active relationship, into almost anything. No fats, fems: Beards, moustaches a plus, hairy body a plus. Must have intelligence and ability to swing both ways. Wil-ling to bring out and teach. Box 855.

MASSACHUSETTS FRAMINGHAM,, Hot, sweaty, funky, skintight black leather, evil stomp boots, throbbing, oozing cock, and a sex. Your dreams come true. Leather fucker hot to get into it. Photo and phone number to: Ray, 154 Second St., #108, Framingham, MA 01701. HOT JACK OFF SCENES BOSTON Wanted by hot attractive

brown complexion guy visiting San Francisco and Los Angeles soon oils, aroma, vibrators Ok No is a must and returned promptly at your request. Let's get it on. Box

NEW ENGLAND/NY

W/m, 5'9", 34, 150 lbs., seeks to hear from you if you need to have your hide tanned and attended to. Disciplined and understanding. Also seek contact with other tanners in search of new hide Boy 1407 CAPE COD, S, 52, 6', Taurus, 200

lbs., well muscled, tough, uncut, into B&D, W/S, shaving, FF, and all kinds of anal entry, enemas and other sports. Seeks white slave, 18-40 totally submissive, for prolonged long-term service. No drugs, fats, or fems. Must be able to endure moder ate to heavy pain, ball torture, tit lercing, prolonged immobilization ables, softies, or thrill-seekers need apply. I am looking for a serious slave who craves punishment, abuse humiliatrion, and expects nothing but pain, torment and discomfort in return. Box 790. EXPERIENCED TOPMAN

46, 5'9", 160 lbs., seeks L/L partners over 25. Beards or moustaches a plus. Box 721. NOVICE Voyeur looking for involvewell-built Master to train my yearnings to serve and be freed of inhibi-

tions. Must be tough and gentle, into Leather or tight Levis. Need titwork bondage. I'm a challenge, but sure to be worth it. Picture appreciated. Box BOSTON Bearded W/m. versatile and imaginative, 5'9", 155 bs., uncut, hairy body, turned on by tit work, W/S, ass work, and foot lick

ing. Seeks men of same interests. BOSTON & N.E. AREA M. 33, 5'8' rown hair & eyes, SIR, I wish to serve erotic Leather Man as his slave in Leather Bondage with toys, col-lars, hoods, C&B, W/S, FF, shaving piercing, scat. Sir, thank you for your consideration. Box 1431

BOSTON, Tie me up, plug me up, Hot W/m, 5'10", 150 lbs., moustache, hairy, longs to be bound, gagged. hooded, to serve you, your buddles needs. Inexperienced Help me find my limits. Light S&M, bondage, C&B, WS, tits, tanning, shaving (?) oksy. No scat. Strip inspection is yours with reply. Keep me or throw me out. Box 1725 Professional W/m, 40, 6', 175 lbs. straight looking and acting wants to suck cock, balls, ass, get fucked, WS. in being satisfied. Box 8974, Boston.

MICHIGAN

HAIRY AND HUNG THICK DETROIT W/m, 34, 5'8", 135 libs., good body, hairy and hung, (excep-tionally thick), needs hunky deep throats and hot and wild receptive rears with good tight bodies to age 40. Vanilla, FF, Bondage, Toys and good times. "Reciprocation." No fats or fems. Salt and pepper hair a plus. Photo preferred. Here or there. Box 361, Farmington, MI 48024.

MUSCULAR LEATHERMAN DETROIT AREA ONLY Muscular leatherman into soft side of leather. Enjoy leather, boots, jockstraps, cuddling, kissing, J/O. Photo a must. Box 1506

BEARDED LEATHER MASTER DETROIT 33, 5"10", 140 lbs., 9" Cock, looking for submissive slave, 21-35. Am into S&M. B&D. W/S. TT

Write with photo Box 1532 DETROIT W/m, 47, 5'8", 175 lbs., SM B&D. Solid and very hairy all over Bottom, passive for lots of hondage. /discipline. Particularly enjoy dungeons, jails, cells and barns in bondage. Like enemas, dildoes, Greek a/p, French a/p. All kinds of fetishes. No scat, and sometimes piss. No smokers and light drinkers. I have lots of toys and can entertain and welcome visitors especially from out of state. All races please. Sirs, chain me up and rape my ass or gang bang me. Box 1290

DETROIT White, hard-muscled top-man, 33, 5°9", 155 lbs., looking for stud under 40, top/bottom, to serve as right hand man in discipline sessions with butch slave, 22. Let's belt his tight buns, ride him at both ends soak him in piss, and enjoy a beer as voveuristic cameraman. Photos exchanged, returned. Box 899

DRUMBFATS GET RESULTS

SLAVE NEEDS TRAINING White male, 26, 6', 160 lbs., 8", into beg to serve well-endowed Master, 18-35. Write: Steve, P.O. Box 123, Roseville, MI 48066. Photos answered first, White or Black.

BATTLE CREEK AREA W/m, 35, 6', 215 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, seeks 18-40 son/brother to love and service. Can't get enough cock balls, ass, piss, cum, leather, levis boots to eat and lick. Photo and phone. Box 1719

WAYNE COLINTY AREA White clause 21, needs Master, any race, any age its. You call all the shots. Ready and willing, Sir. Box 826

HOW DO YOU SPELL DELIES DRUMBEATS SPELL RELIEF

DETROIT W/M 38, 5'6", 140 lbs... good body, hairy and hung (espe-cially thick). Needs hunky deep throats and hot and wild recentive

ASSES with good tight bodies to age 40. FF, Bondage, toys, tits, fun and good times. No fats or fems. Here or here. Photo preferred. Box 351. Farmington, MI 48024 DETROIT W/m. 28. 5'1" muscular body, hairy chest, Fnjoy

pumping iron, playful wrestling or just mutual stimulation with another good strong body. Send photo and phone to: Ron. Box 1701 Warren, Mi

ROCHESTER S. 5'10", 160 lbs. 8' firm Master with well-equipped dungeon seeks obedient slaves. Willing to train submissive novices into S&M B&D. W/S, and more. Write Robert 1030 Adams Road South, Rochester,

MASTER understands your needs. Time for talk and time for action Thumb area professional. Michigan Tom Proctor, Box 104, Cass City, MI

DRUMMER 55

SOUTHFIELD 46m. 6', 160 lbs. Geruncut, seeks exploring and growing, with limits respected. No drugs, fats, fems. Hair-

Athletic, clean-cut W/m, 23, wants big brother for high times and rough play. I'm 5'10", 150 lbs., work out regularly. Get off on well built, authorit throat given Butt warming and hard fuck taken. Did camping for outdoor right guy. Enjoy Chicago, NY, DC FI Photo a must Get mine with yours returned Box 8622 Detroit MI

MINNESOTA

LINCUT WHITE TOP MAN

and suck, one tough, straight, nonlawmen, hard hats, others welcome like boots, levis, Leather, piss, THICK peckers, clean assholes. Will relo-cate. Photo. Phone. Box 1261.

MASTER WANTED MINNEAPOLIS White, 25, 1 some, masculine slave, 5'11" dark beard, hot & horny, 71/4", Leo. I am ready to serve: white, 28-40 yearhairy muscular masters. Beards. obey you and love you. I dig all leather (near & scenes) and am into body worship, j/o, dirty talk, posing. oil, cockrings, jocks, all boots & gym gear, I beg you: Please, Sir, help this

MPLS. Would like to meet men who ike to fuck, are into bondage. Cow boys, truckers, all men who are well

W/Male, 43, 6"1", 165 lbs., seeks slave or prisoner who needs tit, cock. & ball

MPLS AREA DAD W/m, 40, needs baseass discipline. attitude more important than age.

Will play Master and slave. I'll be top if you're obedient. I'll be slave you're 20-40, good body. I'm 40 and can do. Experienced or new okay Box 30163, St. Paul, MN 55175 TOILET FACE SITTING

MINNEAPOLIS SM, Taurus, 31, 5'11" 7" hearded bottom for piss & scat. I love leather and kinky scenes, looking for filth freak, into shaving light S&M, B&D, tit work. Can also go top. Write: Al, Box 476, Minneapolis,

ST. LOUIS W/m, 40, 6', 158 lbs. versatile, hot goodlooking macho dude, into most scenes except scat, FF and heavy pain. Enjoy worshiping a beautiful body and cock, servicing a cock completely, and I mean comletely. Looking for oversexed hot dude, 2 45. who likes his cock taken care of royally. Your photo gets mine. Box

S MONK SEEKS DISCIPLE M humiliation, discipline, penitence, poverty, labor, silence, cloister, devotion. You will learn sign lan-quage, have name changed, head shaved. If you pass the noviate you You cannot serve two masters. This my cock and drink my piss, not a Annly with aspirations and photo Many are called but only one is

DRUMBEATS SPELL RELIEF DRUMBEATS SPELL RELIEF

KANSAS CITY MASTER Affectionsolid: prefer small, slim, white, 20-40. passive. Fr. a/p. Live in

ST. LOUIS W/m. 6'1", 165 lbs., 8' very hairy all over, knowlaggressive yet quiet, straight acting and appearing, seeks other hairy masculine dudes into mutual give and take working over cock, balls, assholes with uniforms, jocks No scat or shaving. Any age, eager to

6" hodybuilder (180 lbs.) for servitude rewards given for excellent service Located in St. Louis area. Box 159M

DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS

ST. LOUIS W/M 6'2", 175 lbs., needs hairy studs. Can go either way, tougl wild and will clean out every thing specialty. My hungry ass will take mine Boy 1479

NEBRASKA

CORNHUSKER MAVERICK Needs tannin'. 5'4", leather, levi, hornier than hell, like my sex rough think you're man enough to break OMAHA, W/m. S. 30s, creates B&D

and light S&M sessions for Ms in need M must be 20s to early 30s photo. Box 1724.

SOUTH FAST NEBRASKA W/m. 40 180 lbs., uncut, looking for hot sex, 18-45. Enclose photo. Box 1459

NEVADA WILLING TO LEARN RENO I'm completely inexperienced in the Leather World, but am willing

to learn the way from an understand ing, experienced Leatherman. I'm muscular, so want a very muscular hairy man I like tit work rimming sucking, fucking, and would like to get into W/S. At this time I'm not interested in scat, FF, or heavy pain trips or heavy drug scenes. It isn't important that every man I desire be hairy, but must be muscular. Box

LOOKING FOR MASTER RENO SIR: Looking for master in no area to train slave for service and worship. Prefer bodybuilder with to expand limits for man who is capa ble of leading a slave into W/S B&D. etc. SLAVE is 5'11". 158 lbs br/blu. 30. semi-muscular with good face. You are handsome and kind of man who should be served. Photo a must, yours will get mine. Thank you, SIR, for your TIME. Box 1387.

NEW JERSEY

BLACKWOOD Full heavy-leathered easks similar local bikers interested in wild prolonged j/o sessions, W/S and riding together. Dios exchanging piss and cum on each boots and levis. P.O. Box 284. Black wood, New Jersey, 08012 (Send let-

MORRISTOWN S 41 6'2" 190 lbs white 7" cut hairy body Quiet natu ral down to earth, not into game playing, mental or fantasy trips. Easy but demanding and expe rienced no-nonsense type of Master TLC. Seeks the services of a good slave, especially oral, 20s to 30s, for weekends or possible permanent workouts to a good body but will respect limits at all times. Willing to train novice. No drugs, fats, fems.

CENTRAL JERSEY W/m, 39, 6', 175 tattooed, bodybuilder, leather stud. Harley rider with fifteen years experience as sadist with private game room wants to hear from willing slave ages, 25-40. Limits respected and expanded No reply without picture, which gets m Write to: P.O. Box 13, Frenchtown

NJ 08825 SLAVE NEEDS MASTER NJ Only. Novice, 32, 5'10", 135 lbs. lean Master. I'll try to please. No scat, heavy pain, scars, FF. Box A28.

TATTOOED BIKER BLACKWOOD Full heavy-leathered. seeks similar local bikers interested in wild prolonged j/o sessions, W/S, and riding together. Digs exchang-

wood, New Jersey, 08012 (Send letter & photo. NEW MEXICO

BOOTLICKER SANTA FE Needs knowledgeable Master to train and discipline goodbodybuilding slave, 22, 5'11" 140 lbs Leather bondage uniforms, shaving, verbal abuse, humili-ation. Versatile. Can Travel. Box

NEW YORK

NEW YORK W/M, 5'11", 145 lbs Wants to meet young Horny Studs who dig wearing and fucking in high boots. Photo appreciated. Write to P.O. Box 1061, New York, NY 10028 HOT & HUMPY

NEW YORK Hot & Humpy? 18-30? Want best head in town? Privacy in east side pad. Man to Man. No fags. Photo and phone gets action. Box A29 New York, NY 10272.

TOTAL SLAVES WANTED GREENWICH VILLAGE Experienced S. W/M. Taurus, 47, 5'9", 173 Master seeks total from slaves for long, hot session. Must have endu rance, crave slow torture, punish nt in chains. Medium to heavy SAM RAD W/S. etc. No Scat. missive, groveling letter now. No fems fats takes Box 185R.

MUSCULAR TORTURE SLAVE WANTED NEW YORK Master, 35, 6'4", Blonde with 6'3" Slave, 31, will train addi tional attractive, muscular torture slave Send detailed application with

10 INCH COCK CHICAGO Black male, 6', 175 lbs., 10 inch Dick into Leather boots, chains, scat piss. Hot candle wax. Veg Fucking European exp. for weekend trip to New York Possible relationship New York replys Only. Box 1530

DISCIPLINE DISCIPLINE
NEW YORK CITY Tall, very handsome muscular, masculine BB, Topman Master, W/M, 28, 6°1", 180 lbs,
uncut Hot. Requires submissive
slaves (young Athletic types to 30) for obedience training, B&D, domination, degradation, spanking, body worship, servitude. Send respectfu ferred. To: P.O. Box 53, Kew Gardens

NAKED SLAVE WANTED
NEW YORK CITY Naked slave
wanted for S&M Bondage by experienced Master. Send photo & Per-sonal Data to: Master Mel. P.O. Box Audubon Sta., New York City.

FIFTY YEAR YOUNG bearded Master recruiting slaves for prolonged bondage, prolonged, repeated ture and tit, cock, ass and navel endurance expanding. State fantasy for mutual enjoyment. Strip naked now and reply. Start with Sirl Box

SWALLOW THIS Prolonged deep-throat cock sucking sought. Well hung, macho, sexy top, 38, Italian, "Big Load Feeder," seeks servicing from young (over 18) and able NYC cocksuckers. No fats, nessmen's lunches, prolonged sections, men's rooms, etc.

CIGAR SMOKER Handsome, imaginative W/m, 6'1" 161 lbs. athletic body, moustache into mutual leather and raunch action with cigar smoking buddles 30-50, preferably bearded, tat-tooed, or pierced. Heavy into Vo. dirty jocks, oil, sweat, tit work, uni-torms Rox 113, 132 West 24th Street. Ny, NY 10011

SAM SLAVE WANTED Smooth, well-muscled with endu-rance, 28 plus, by experienced, mature NYC master for suspension, bodyshaving, flogging, polaroiding, Mel. Box 1714

AFFECTIONATE TOP WANTED NEW YORK W/M, 6'2", 175 lbs. brown hair, bald on top, moustache New into leather, lite S&M (bottom) Needs understanding, affectionate top to show me the way and expand my limits. Ultimately would prefer permanent relationship with right man. Photo, phone appreciated. Box

BIG DEAL FROM DRUMINER THE ONE THEY DEMAND

All magazines have readers who vary in loyalty to their favorities periodicals. If they remember to, some readers will look through the current issue at the stand or store and if there is something that interests them, will pick up a copy. The trouble with some gay magazines is only the read completely right at the newstand in a matter of minutes. Other read completely right at the newstand in a matter of minutes. Other reads of the read of the r

However, there are some publication: that have such a local following that its readers will promptly go to their bobkstore and demanded in the new issue, raising hell if it isn't available. We know because we get calls from newtrands and bookstore all over the country. We also get long from newtrands and bookstore all over the country. We also get long was not to be a such as the property of the property of the property of wanting to know where deep can pick, up the new DRUMMER. Now THAT is locally:

DRUMMER has never pretended to be anything it isn't nor has it ever been merely a copy of something else. It is unique, and so is its readership.

No matter what anyone else is selling them for, most of the back

No matter what anyone else is selling them for, most of the back issues of DRUMMER are still available from us at their original cover price. Issues 1, 2, 4, 5, and 20 are sold out. Up to issue 20 the price is \$2.50, through issue 29 the price is \$3, later than that it is \$3.50. Add 30c for postage for each magazine. Hurry, some of the copies are

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Any six backissues (6-35) only \$15!



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- Dammit, I want my own subscription/ Enclosed is \$40 (\$55 for First Class, Canada, or Mexico. \$80 overseas)
 - Send me a Six-Pack for \$15. (indicate choices)
- I want to see the new MACH, enclosed is \$6.50.
 Send me info on The Leather Fraternity (\$1.00)
- Address _____

City Zip ____

☐ I am over 21.



MACH:

THE SIX DOLLAR MAGAZINE

TIGHT 501 LEVIS & SCAT GWM 35, seeks young, 18-30, well built guys who wear tight levis and will give scat I service with a super hot rim job B/I tongue bath and Syracuse, New York Area, JIM (315)

WRESTLERS-LEVIS-S&M

W/m. 6'2", wants to hear from same type dudes, all ages, into no-holdsbarred fighting, kicking, punching and squeezing a guy's nuts, etc Exchange info ideas or meet Box

BALLS, 43, 5'8", W, 155 lbs, Hot, outof-doors type, together and creative. My sack hangs heavy with full hot nuts. If you're into giving & getting sensual pain to balls, let's get it on. Lots of equipment. A photo of your sack gets mine. Box 1286.

SYRACUSE SAM COUPLE LOOK-ING for real levi and leathermen in the Syracuse and NYC Area for medium to heavy sessions. I'm 34, 5'11" 150 lbs dark hair, beard ests are Bondage, Piercing, Nailing FF, Wax, Shaving, T/T, C&B Torture Whipping, W/S, Scat, etc. Limits Whipping, W/S, Scat, etc. Limits within reason respected. Letter & Photo to: Box 2874 Syracuse NY

NYC MANHATTAN Big-titted slave, spreadeagffle, ene mas, tied down dildoes, etc. Need to serve and please a demanding massleep with my nose up your ass and anything else you care to teach me. I'm 36, 5'6", 165 lbs. Box 1722. NYC/LLAREA - White 45 hearded needs Doctor Surgeon to put in my Prince Albert, Guiche and Dydoes at your office. Also want urological and prostatic exams. Am mature and discreet. Reply to: Box 3092, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10017 FF BOTTOM wants experienced top for hard, long scene. Also into tit work, WS, BD; no scat, W/m, 36, 135 lbs., br/br, moustache. Send letter with photo and phone.

VELVET TONGUE for big cocks, hard bodies. Raunchy mouth for JO. Handsome, solid, hung. (212) 855

NEW YORK CITY Lean, mean & Dominate top, straddled with both an insatiable appetite, as well as a penchant for either married men, and/or members of the Military establishment, looking for bods who

basis. Meaning fast, rough and often-(contrary to popular belief, some people do feel quantity is better than quality.) Should you call at seven, be prepared to service by eight, or better est don't call. Out of towners given NEW YORK 36 Aquarius, blond blue-eyed, goodlooking (clean cut but not effeminate), W/M desires to relieve, and please macho MASTER, Clint Eastwood types. Not into heavy S&M or FF, but like to receive verbal abuse, W/S, and ser vice dominant honchos who want service and relief. Turned on by leather shoes, boots, cigars, and male swagger. Willing to learn more about pleasing macho types. All letpromptly, ages 23 to 50. Box 220K.

SAM CLUB FORMING New York City Area only. All ages welcome write for free questionnaire and 80th Street, Apt. 40, New York, NY

Wanna be stripped, gagged, chained hoisted shaved polaroided and worked over head to toes by mature,

experienced Master? Send pic & per-NYC. FF RECEIVER W/M. 28, 5'4" Leather FFA Master into callibrated

pain B&D Shaving toys Photos Throw my ass in your sling MASCULINE HUNG

BROOKLYN Attractive W/m. 30's

Masculine Hung Dominant Stable & Nice Wants GWM who enjoys being Gr/Pass, good buns (end to hold on to) dominated, very affectionate devoted for perm. relationship. Photo/phone if possible. Will send mine. Box 5177. New York NY

OREDIENT BODY SLAVE AVAILABLE NEW YORK CITY Serious Body-builder, 5'9", 185 lbs., 28, goodlook ing Seeks strict supervision

piercing, military regimentation, dog discipline, body and mind ownership, by a Master who wants to be roud of his obedient body slave Photo requested SIR. Box 1493. ATTACTIVE

EXPERIENCED SLAVE NEW YORK W/M 31 8'1" athletic body, intelligent and trendy needs young (18 plus), goodlooking punkish and uninhibited Master Response answering service, 316 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10001 for

ROUGH-HOUSE & RAUNCH Buddy wanted for hot, wet, rugged contact in and out of sweaty Jocks.
Especially UNCUTS. Send Photo: P.O. Box 1328. Grand Central Station. New York, NY 10017

NEW YORK SLAVE W/M, 27, 5'9", 140 lbs, Solid body needs forceful Men to work on my BARE-ASS, Paddles, crops, whips, LB #37, 470 2nd Ave., New York, NY

NEW YORK CITY-HOT LOOKING under 40 who like their Balls worked

NEW YORK CITY 28, 5'8", 150 lbs. 42" Chest, 30" Waist. Looking for a Dominant Masculine rugged sex partner, 30 years or older. Box 1464

CREATIVE S&M WRESTLING BUILT, HUNG ITALIAN, 34, 155 lbs. Ex-Prep Grappler. wants long imaginative free-style. developing dominating holds, n into clever gear, oil, toys, C&B, and Tit Torture. No hangups, Travel USA. Photo a must. Box 6186, Albany, NY 12206.

D-R-U-M-B-E-A-T-S

NEW YORK W/M, 35, 5'8", 160 lbs. 6" cut, medium build, seeks help to reach fulfillment as slave Need strict but understanding Master to bring out ability to serve with body and mind. Not into scat or injury. Box 80. MANHATTAN Black man. 50, seeks white non-fat slave who uses his his tits tortured, enjoying having his mouth fucked and performing total oral service for my black cock regu larly. A guy who gives me his greatest geset his head in service allegiance

NEW YORK CITY AREA SAM WANT TO MEET OTHERS into mutual satisfaction Interest in Leather Levi Jockstraps, Boots, and Ball work, Tit work. Can top or bottom but prefer BOTTOM. Love W/S. Sucking, Fucking, Box

GREENWICH VILLAGE M. 43. 5'6" 145 lbs 5%" Cut White warm intel level headed bottom seeks aginative experienced caring Macho Leather, Levi partner to help Your service my pleasure No Fats Fems or fakes. Sensuality a plus, Box

NEW YORK W/M 36, 160 lbs. Novice Wishes Training as slave. Will con Sir to learn to serve and obey without question and accept treatment grateully. Prefer tall & strict no nonsense Master. Box 1421

DRUMBEATS GET DESILITE

QUEENS, NYC Mature M. Scorpic n man, 5'7", 145 lbs., hairy bald but bearded, seeks mature top Master for discipline and heavy titwork, FF, WS, Scat, Jock strans, hairy bodies, black beards. stocky builds turn me on. No role ing or skinny blondes. Box BUFFALO W/m, 42, 6'11/5", 174 lbs.

EXTREMELY HANDSOME NEW HAVEN 26, Handsome, 41" Hairy Chest, 30," Waist, 6', 170 lbs. Muscular, defined butt. Seeks same, any race. Photo a must. Travel NY & CA. Occupant. Box 397, New Haven,

BOOT SEX NEW YORK Hot, hunky stud wants others for all kinds of foot gear sex S&M. B&D, W/S, poppers Exchanges. Box 1573.

FOR EXPERTS ONLY NEW YORK CITY VILLAGE w/m, 5'8", 130 lbs. The best piece of ass on

the Fast Coast For experts only Voluptuary, not porcine. World's most perfectly functioning tube. Can be stuffed at both ends. Not a submissive, but a participant, Long term chemical fuck prefer to avoid scat scenes, fats, opera queens in black Leather and whole sameness in general. Bored by blueprints, I salivated over the Joycy A.K. amputee ad in 10011 Pics answered first ATTENTION NEW YORK SLAVES

NEW YORK YOU are muscular ot with a genuine need muscular Leather Master. You will be second Slave and learn to love pain and torture and will submit to heavy and creative S&M, B&D, etc. You generally don't answer ads but not wanting to miss the opportunity to serve this Master you will send your detailed application and photo. Box

Black Leather Cans

FOR A SENTRY CAP BY NAME LOCAL DEALER

ASK

TOP QUALITY GENIUNE BLACK LEATHER. EASILY PLIABLE.





SENTRY UNIFORM CAP CO., INC. 104 NEW LOTS AVE. **BROOKLYN, NEW YORK 11212**

ORGYS HUDSON VALLEY-WESTERN CONN. All guys in the area into hot kinky sex (FF, W/S, J/O, Tit and ball torture, piercing, bondage, voyeu rism, etc). Let's see if we can get some orgys going. Write Shoales, P.O. Box 24, Amenia, NY 12501.

SEX-AGENARIANI Libra, M, 6'3", 170 lbs., mid-60s white haired, blue eyes, man of distinction type. Would serve muscular masculine male of any age or race. who enjoys imaginative games with ider man. Will do almo for right partner. Box 290X

MANHATTAN S. 35. 6'4", blonde Have 6'3" muscular slave, 30. Am accepting applications for second slave. Must submit to heavy S&M. B&D and video taping. If you are young, muscular, and attractive send photo with qualifications at

PIGGY RAUNCH Versatile NYC Chelsea W/m, Scor-plan, 33, 5'7", 130 lbs., 7" cut for

uninhibited scenes. Heavy ass play (FF), L/L, W/S, scat, locks, sweat oil shaving tits, c/b torture, boots and socks with real creative men into role switching. Willing to explore new realms. No overweights or fats. Beards a plus. Include photo and

PUPPY SEEKS BULLDOG Hot Italian, 28, 5'9", 175 solid lbs., seeks beer-bellied brutes who enjoy a butch dog collared slave. Seek stocky, chunky, 5'7" to 5'10", 180 to 225 lbs., dominants who groove on 225 lbs., dominants who groove on service. Write with photo (returned) to: P.O. Box 3058, Church Street P.O., NYC, NY 10006.

NEW YORK CITY W/M. 28. 5'7" 140 lbs. Clean shaven, imaginative seeks have a lot to learn and would like meet someone with teaching ability.

WRESTLERS STREET FIGHTERS

25-40. Box 1370.

28, 6'2", 190 lbs., W/m. Topman wants to meet submissive young dudes into no-holds-barred jock, wrestling. Also want to hear from other Tops into same. Box 804A.

HOUSEBOY FOR SALE-Will take care of your home. Need owner with a strap who will keep me naked, chained, and shaved. Use me for hard labor, abuse, total toilet and

body service. Only serious minded over 35. NY, CT, NJ. Box 1312. CAPITOL DISTRICT W/M, 34, 5'8W 170 lbs., thick beard, masculine, muscular and into rough leather sex Have slave who will be used in sessions. Write with photo, Box B55.

NEW YORK W/M. 28, 155 lbs Needs BB to 35 years to take orders and train my young Italian slave. Send photo & phone. Box 1334.

NEW YORK W/M 30, well built muscular guy with hard dick sticking out, hairy chest, full beard, sweaty jock and good body wants to hump up against a stud guy. Esp. fat, bald, swarthy guys in tight pants and over hanging body. I want to smell your crotch, feel up your ass and hump my hard dick against your gut. Box 1330

NEW YORK CITY Hot young muscu uncut cock and Balls (Hung like a of oranges, that are into jocks, levis VICE. I'm super goodlooking W/M. 38, 5'9", 165 lbs. short blond hair blue eyes. Masculine. Send photo

SPANKINGS NEW YORK CITY Spankings given orrReceived by W/m, 25, Student, with strap or paddle. Send descrip-

REAL MEN READ DRUMBEATE

NORTH CAROLINA GOLDSBORO, NC/1-95 TRAVEL-ERS And hunky Leather and hoos wearing dudes notice. Two Leather ers. Both versatile W/Ms, 190 lbs. and 180 lbs., 5'11" and 5'10". Harley riders. Looking for a pet under 30 over 21, to take care of. Phone, photo

replys answered first Traveling Box 137, La Grange, NC 28551. OHIO BOOT LOVER 25, 5'7", 137 lbs., looking for neat guy into Frye Boots that wants me to lick

SLIM NOVICE 23. Columbus desires manhandling WS. boots, handcuffs, verbal, etc

READ CLEVELAND Bear Seeks vers. Kinky cubs, under 35 for possible relations

SEEK LOCAL FRIENDS COLUMBUS SM, 33, 6', 180 lbs., 7" Aries, experienced, Seeks local and C&B. Pain. Have many toys and

CLEVELAND MACHO MEN CLEVELAND Hot and Horny W/M 31, 6', 175 lbs, seeks Cleveland area hunks who are into cock sucking (A/P), Fucking, Light S&M and B&D, some W/S, J/O, MS and/or shaving. Real turn-on when a HOT STUD works on my Tits. Prefer aggressive lar or slender bodies. Will REVERSE please. Reply with photo and phone to: Boxholder, P.O. Box 29293.

CINCINNATI MS/SM, Pisces, 28, 6' brother, lover, 18-40, into light S&M. no fats, fems. Box A79. CLEVELAND MS, 28, 6', 170 lbs. swimmer's build. Did you like playing cowboys and Indians as a kid? I etia and tied up to please my captor.

Cleveland, Ohio 44129

you like games, write to: Box 21192, Cleveland, OH 44121 BOOT FETISHISTS Would like to meet and/or corr

ond with men into BOOT WOR-SHIP, Box 1478.

HOT HORNY MASTER

Goodlooking heavy set Master 30, seeks slaves under 35, for training and expanded. Box 1311 CINCINNATI W/M 33, 160 lbs. hr hair, bl eyes, beard, would like to meet guys 18-34, straight acting. I like music, bowling, walking in woods, movies, nudity, action. NO B&D. S&M. Mick. 11388 LeBanon

COLUMBUS SM. 32 8' 160 lbs Aries, intelligent professional, expe rienced. Seeks local friends 25,35 I'm into bondage, tit and C&B pain: them. Send letter with photo. Box

CLEVELAND BODYBUILDER Hot young white Master, 23, new to Cleveland, 6', 165 lbs, 8", exceptional mind, meat, looks, body would like limits to: SIR Roy 16416 Cleveland

MASTER WANTED Age 30-45, by average or nice body. Am Greek pas-SIR! W/M slave, 33, 5'11", 175 lbs 7" cut, new to scene, seeks expe Master for training. Box B24

CLEVELAND/AKRON/MEDINA Leather W/M, 33, hairy, trim, beard. looking for same to 40 with change Like wrestling, WS, BD. Write! Box DAYTON S, 35, 5'11", 155 lbs., look-ing for part time slave, houseboy, Pay

COLUMBUS SM, 32, 6', 180 lbs., 7" Aries, intelligent, professional, expe-I'm into bondage, tit and C&B pain; have many toys and enjoy using

COLUMBUS S. Mid-20s, seeks slaves for B&D, WS, etc. Box 69, Blacklick, OH 43004. W/m, 22, seeks goodlooking W/m, muscular, dark, hung, 25-32, willing to share fantasies, bondage, possible

OKLAHOMA STILLWATER 38, 5'9".

and cycle cops as a lifestyle. No fakes, overly fat, fems, or drugs. Discreet. Box 885. MOUTH JOCK

A unique trip. Let your big soft cock and balls be strapped into my sensuous mouth pouch! Hunky cowboy, 33, 6"2", solid body, 7½", loose balls, into western wear, military, police uniforms, athletes, seeks men with similar interests. Box 18441, Oklahoma City, OK 73154.

TULSA W/m, 5'9", 155 lbs., hard 8". dominant Master, wants bearded or moustached submissive slaves able to endure moderate to heavy pain OKLA CITY SM White, 43, 170 lbs

5'10", good muscles, seeks willing hot men to 45 eager to learn and teach. Prefer top but can be willing Beginners welcome. Dis creet. No fats, reply with photo. Box

USE DRUMBEATS BOX SERVICE IF YOU DON'T HAVE YOUR OWN

OREGON HOT MEN WANTED

PORTLAND - 34,5'6", 175 lbs. Muscular, dark comp., Blk hair, Brn eyes. cops, mounted cops, firemen, who meat on their bones, but not grossly fat. If you're into fucking, sucking. and domination, beard, hair, tattoos with a letter and photo (MUST RE NUDE) showing off your assets. No blks, fems, dopers, heavy drinkers, Box 1584 ASS WARMER

SALEM - W/m, 6', 178 lbs." Hairy Body, 7", seeks 20-40 needing spreadeagled ass warming. CB&T abuse, Box 1650

TIT ABUSE SALEM — 45, 6', 180 lbs., ½" long tits seeks younger W/m, needing tit elon-gation, abuse. Box 1649 VERSATILE TOP/BOTTOM MAN

Seeks GR A/P, FR A/P, in levis & boots. Bikers in leather okay too. NO S&M, drugs, smokers. Enjoy wide variety of expression but no painful If you lust for life, I lust for you. Box

LEATHER DUDE PORTLAND - W/m, 39, 6'4", 190 lbs Leather dude grants permission to all ing, facts and photo demanded. Likes considered, limits respected welcome. For info. write: N.B., P.O. Box 3241, Portland, OR 97208

NO NONSENSE LEATHER STUDMASTER PORTLAND - W/m, 39, 6'4", 190 lbs

Blonde/Blue. Bearded grants per-mission to all short/dark bearded Room Servitude. You will be stripped, shaved, ringed, collared and branded. Terms are mine. Traindesire, abused if you deserve. Lots of discipline. Some affection, BB, B&D W/S, TT, CBT, V/A, explore S&M. Only shock proof dudes, 21-35, need apply. Photo and frankness demanded. Box 1609.

нот сов Wanted by handsome, unruly fugi-tive, 31, 150 lbs., 5'7". Dave, Box 998, Beaverton, OR 91007

PORTLAND PIG Hairy, M, 22, 5'10", 170 lbs., wants aggressive top to help expand my limits into W/S, FF, Toys and want to learn more, Box 1336

PORTI AND HARLEY OWNER W/m, 40, into boots, breeches, big bikers within 600 miles of Por-

W/M 24 NEED MY ASS warmed up real good. Turn me over your knee me have it with a paddle. Box 1253 PORTLAND BOTTOM Slender Bearded, Cuddler, 37, seeks artistic

PENNSYLVANIA PHILADELPHIA S. Aquarius, 46, 5'9", 165 lbs., white, 7", knowledges-

mas tit work. Novice acceptable. I imits respected, expanded, Apply with respectful letter, photo & pho to: P.O. Box 11095. Philadelphia, PA 19141 or DRUMMER Box 209. DRUMBFATS GET RESULTS

PHII ADEL PHIA LEATHER MASTER

40s, W/M, 5'9", 165 lbs., masculine & hung requires W/m slave, '21-35, into S&M. B&D. WS. Novices accepnumber, P.O. Box 11095

SCRANTON M. Gemini, white, 47 5'6". 164 lbs.. 6", intelligent novice seeks understanding, affectionate Master (any age) who will respect and expand limits. Am adventurous

PITTSBURGH S, 44, W/m, 6', 185 lbs chest, 7" uncut, 8 year USMC into B&D. leather, levis wants masculine stud who understands submission and service. Willing to give his body for my pleasure. Box 83. DITTSBURGH AREA MASTER

45, 5'8", 155 lbs., cigar smoker, full leather, requires submissive slaves under 6'. Fully equipped dungeon. Hot heavy scenes. Want real submisordered to send photo and letter of submission to: Master Boots, Box 534, New Kensington, PA 15068. PHILADELPHIA 27, 8'5", 215 lbs. seeks obedient slave for ass action Novice ok, but must be willing to

Initiate me into the ritual of your fantasy. String me up in bondage, pierce me, flog me, torture me, torture my tits, cock, balls, fill my ass, piss in my face, let me suck your sweaty pits and worship your body, your cock, balls, tits, ass, feet I am 6'1", 160 lbs...

FOOT SERVICE I know how to please, 5'8", 32, 140

A SECRET SPOT

YORK A secret spot, a scorchin summer sun. You and your buddy Sinister, surly. strung up, stripped and stretched spreadeagled. From you, a snicker. From your sidekick, a sneer. Serious stuff. Box 1618.

WILKES BARRE S. Cancer, 43, 6' 170 lbs. White, Military/Penal disciover 20 years military expe rience Seeks prisoners for steel bondage, cells, cages, heavy physi interogation. Scene is of primary importance. Limits observed

MUSCULAR & MASCULINE S 200 lbs., 8" cut, seeks instrument of suffering and service. You are a muscular straight appearing M who needs to submit to the abusive and imaginative Master. Send your letter of submission with Photo to: Masters Company, Box 1448, Scran-

DRUMBEATS ARE FOR REAL MEN

SI AVE SOUGHT PHILADELPHIA Goodlooking, 30 S. You are Hunky, Hung, M, who needs creative abusive Master to control mind and body. Photo with letter of submission will be offered to: Master's Co. II. Box 3953, Philadel-

STRAIGHT RAZOR SHAVING PHILADELPHIA AREA Master shavyour nuts and asshole. A respectful request for a possible appointment including SASE and frontal nude will

SENSITIVE MASTER PHILADELPHIA I do not hesitate to tell you I am a sensitive Master, Men come to me for many reasons: love friendship, quidance, training. Some come and go. The knowing men return for my grasp, my mastery. I stress complete psycholigical discinline and devotion. Warning: Strict firm, handsome. Openings only for serious slaves and novices to age 40. Box 2202, Philadelphia, PA

RHODE ISLAND OBEDIENT SLAVE PROVIDENCE American Indian and

black male, 30, 5'8", 160 lbs. Weight Master who'll relocate in August wants a Slave(s), any part of the country. Especially California, any race, under 50 but most important all young guys under 25 who realize ney were born slaves and need a Master to show them what a slave is and how to serve and obey his MAS-TER. If my slave disobeys me in any way, he'll know punishment and torture and what a slave is. If you have no desire to serve a MASTER, don't write. No fems, phonies. Photo of you and if you're worthy, will get one of me. Box 1548. SOUTH CAROLINA

28, 6', 170 lbs., Brn/Grn, 6", Inexp but eager to learn. Have fantasies for 1001 nights. Box 1406.

M. 25, white, 5'10", 145 lbs., into fucking and fist-fucking (receive), piss, S&M (whipping, tit & ball torture). bondage (spreadesgling, gags) domination, verbal abuse, leather levis, boots. Seeks meetings, correspondence with aggressive Tops Masters in USA, Europe, Canada Australia, Box 288.

TENNESSEE

TENNESSEE Long, lean bi-sex stud digs other shit-together men who know what they like and have balls enough to ask for it. Am tired of quick hands-on man to man sex. When two men respect, trust, and are comforta man should give me what a woman cannot. Man smells, Man tastes, and good deep man sounds. Like it long fucked more than his body. It's plain good to proudly share what you have with a man worthy of it. Prefer und like me, with low hanging balls. If 41 years, 6', 155 lbs., 7%", greying black hair heard moustache sounds good to you, get in touch. Am planning a West Coast trip the summer of 1981.

s, W/m. 35, 5'6", 140 lbs., 8\%", boyish, hairless body, needs new slave. Prefer older, valet type. Will train novice. Total leather, cruel or loving; your choice. Race, looks unimportant, only desire to serve. Proper letter and photo gets same. Box 1729.

SIRI I DRINK PISS Lick feet, rim ass, want clean-shaven.

EL PASO Gay White male, 46, 5'9%

likes to be Greeked and give French Prefer older man. (915) 592-5851. EL PASO SLAVE(S) required to service military topmen. Should accept

shaving, prolonged bondage and oderate discipline. Age unimportant, attitude is. Box 256 YOUNG NAKED STUD

Will work naked on ranch or farm on weekends or week, 21, 5'10", 170 lbs. Will take training. Will travel 100 miles. Likes being kept naked and shaved. Steve Paladino, 224 Eastlake DALLAS COMPLETE MASTER

36, 6', 165 lbs., sensational fist fucker, insatiable big cock, flexible feet for unusual ass play, seeks slaves who are serious about their role and want a lifetime in S&M. Box

DIG 1/0 Hard, lean, long haired blonde, 6', 155 lbs., 24, digs hot j/o and body fucking. Digs cum shot all over ass. Also dig on mutual ass eating and long slippery make out sessions. Hard, young (over 18) dudes only who dig J/o. T.W., 4000 Hwy, 365, No. 231, Port Arthur. TX 77640.

DALLAS 41 and out for kinky fun Top guy 5'8", 130 lbs., nice loo No scat, no fems, but lots of c/b, tit and ass play, spankings, bondage and W/S. Enclose photo. 18 to 45, white only. Box 987.

HUNKY ORIENTAL 27, seeks a slave or Master into piercing, bondage, shaving, ball play and more. Must be muscular and hairy. Send photo. Box

FT. WORTH SM, 47, 6'2", 195 lbs., 7" uncut, German, Aquarius, is looking for slave. Should be knowledgeable clean, not into drugs, interested in motorcycles, uniforms, boots, and leather. Not into FF, scat, W/S. Box

BEALIMONT YOUNG W/m. 6"2", 30 French active, wants to meet sincere cere, and trusting. Am willing to go into B&D and spankings. Please write to: Jon, 6370 College No. 4, Beaumont, TX 77707. Please include

FAGER TO LEARN HOUSTON AREA W/m, 32, 5'9", 150 lbs., willing to do anything for some-one who will teach and train. Like moustaches, trimmed beards, hairy chests and legs. Box 386. HOUSTON MASTER 45. W/m. 5'11"

175 lbs., gentle but firm, accepting annications. Slave, you must be masculine, well proportioned, obedient, willing to serve. Inexperience limits respected. Write sincere, confidential letter. Ask what questions you have NOW and include photo Permanent live-in possible. I can travel Box 633. AUSTIN W/M, 36, 5'8" 145 lhe

hearded, into cut/uncut, light S&M. /L. jockstraps, gym shorts, FF, ball fucking, dildoes, total ass involve-ment. Will try uniforms, W/S, B&D slave role. No fats, fems, scat, blood torture or marks. Can be Top, bottom mutual Photo. phone gets immediate reply. Box 751

DRUMBEAT ADS ARE HARDER **BEEVILLE** Good top looking ood bottom. Masculine S, W/m, 38. good bottom, mascunite o, 1510%", 150 lbs., bearded, hairy, muscular. Be my weekend slave. I enjoy remote weekend camping trips have 4-wheel drive & boat. You must be 18-40, submissive, slender, Let's find out what turns your lights on Box 1317.

Need a rough and raunchy dude to make me work chain gang fantasy Force hard labor, rough treatment dirt strict discipline. Like to hear real experiences of work gangs, etc. Details and photo gets mine. Can travel. Box 1314.

DALLAS SUBMISSIVE Hot, thirsty guy seeks men into piss, i/o, spit, ver bal abuse, and dirty fantasion Enclose phone number. Box 1376. DALLAS W/M, 5'11", 165 lbs., 8" cock, mid 40s. Seeking dudes into mutual give and take working over tits, balls, assholes Leather, chains, locks, Need hot cowboys and truckers. No fats, fems. Eager to exlore. Box 1374

HOUSTON, EAGER PUPIL OF SAM. B/D, W/S, leather, body shaving. Am 5'7" 140 lbs., 42. Seeks firm, gentle. knowledgeable Teachers and ters Small endowment but large desire and capacity to learn, service pleasure and obedience. Box 1396 DALLAS 5'8", 150 lbs., 27 years old likes to be wrestled down, roped and gagged by muscular captor for total fight, prolonged bondage and forced to submit. Can reverse roles. Box

UTAH

2 HOT LEATHER BOTTOMS SALT LAKE CITY Two hot Leathe-r/Levis bottoms, mid 40s, S&M novihot Top any age who is experienced and creative teacher. Use bottoms for hard fucking, W/S, FF, Rimming Enemas. Any intense long lasting scene, except heavy pain, drugs ecet Box 1610.

THE MOST
FAMOUS NAME IN
LEATHER BARS IS
NOW IN SAN
FRANCISO too,
with more going for
it and more going
on in it than
anywhere on
Folsom.
The exciting new
look, friendly
atmosphere plus all
the other features
that nobody else
has South of Market.



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> > CHICAGO 501 N. CLARK

GOLD COAST



VIRGINIA

MY FANTASY ARLINGTON The sticky heat of the night hangs in the air. As my car tops the hill, a blurred figure can be seen in the distance. Hins thrust forward his thumb is extended. Then I not he is completely nude. Could this be you. Box 1601

A DRUMBEAT AD IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSHES

VIRGINIA MASTER MASTER, 33, 6', 115, seeks partner into weekend B&D. S&M sessions respected. Confidentiality expected and assured. Apply with first Travel Fast Coast often. Box

MAKE ME BEG FOR IT NORTHERN VIRGINIA Young cock sucker needs verbal abuse from young hung men. Tease me, make me beg for it. Box 1651

HOW DO YOU SPELL RELIEF? D P II M P E A T C

WASHINGTON

CIGAD SMOKEDS Hot muscular leatherman, 32, who smokes and gets turned on to cigars interest. Will be starting an organizaon P.O. Box tion for cigar smokers s

NEED WORKOLD SEATTLE B&D. No S&M. into chaps speedo, jocks, harness. Need work ut partner for weight lifting. White 50, 190 lbs., looking for similar. Box

GOOD LOOKING WHITE

BEGINNED SEATTLE 6', 145 lbs., 29, m. looking for Trainer, Like Bikers, Leatherms and Loggers. Big Boots and lotsa once. Age and looks not important but prefer big and hairy. Your photo gets mine. All letters answered. Box 1544.

6'2", 188 lbs., lookin' for some athletic competition in Seattle, Colle-

giate, pro, submission, no-holdsbarred. I'll take va on. Only serious. sweaty jocks need reply. Let's go a few rounds and get down. Box 815. SEATTLE AREA FF TOP OR BOT-TOM looking for good times. Haved a sweet ass that's been trained by the best. Enjoy men, not boys, into uni-forms, sports (if you know what I mean). Am hot for Truckers, cowboys and Leathermen. Am 5'11", 165

HUNG STUD SEATTLE 23. STUD. MUSCULAR. HUNG into Water Sports. Send Photo to Box 1429.

SEATTLE Love slave wanted, should not have limits, however pain will be a very minor element. Prefer young slim, white. I am W/M, 31, 170 lbs., 6'3". Box 1345.

WEST VIRGINIA

HARPERS FERRY 32, 6', 160 lbs., 10 cut. Looking for w/m, 18-35, muscular and hairless preferred, nice ass ho wants his tits worked over. Box

WISCONSIN

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YEL YOUR DO'NG and mind in my experienced hands and I will make all the decisions regarding both for experienced hands and I will make all the decisions regarding both for experience of the place o

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that ensure but plug deep inside me,
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but plug allow down my through the
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friend who encesses mein thick, solid,
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from a main. And then, as I hang goo-

from a man. And then, as I hang occconned, tubed, wired, and stuffed up. I see through tiny eye slits—that he's smilling! Maybo that's because he appreciates my feelings about him, and his ways with leather. And maybe because he too, will become as I have to him for now-IF and WHEN he ever lets me out A photo will be appreciated. Maybe a fantasy or two. Moustache & beard a plus, Ideas a bonus! Well? Box 1341

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Experienced uncut German S Into lervi, leather; toys, bondage, shaving, lortrus, etc. Turnors are muscles; loody has holded by the state of the stat

American, 31, living in Germany, anxious to meet German cops and military. All other NATO military welcome. Many interests beyond leather and uniforms. Friendship the goal. Absolute discretion on both sides. Answer in German or English. Box 1726.

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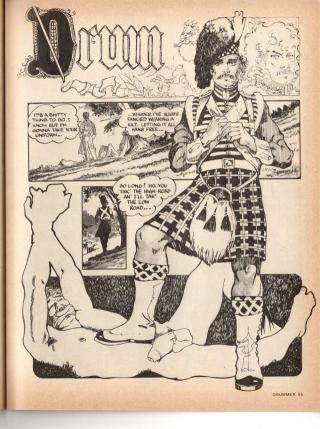
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AND PRINTS

JOHN DOE

JOHN D



DRUMMER 68

LONDON LEATHER

Bit of a change this month-not so much about London and a little more about the north of England.
Although I've lived in the capital

Although I ve lived in the capital for the past twelve years, I originated from a place called Preston in Lancashire, which if you look at a map of Great Britain, is about half way up on the left hand side. The gay scene outside London is vastly different from that in the city and tends to be a lot more camp. There is far less emphasis on the leather scene, too. Although you do get a dozen or so guys in leather in one or two of the clubs.

There are a few MSC type clubs they tend to be small and very closely. The only exception to this is MSC Scotland, which I will tell you about in a future article, Anyway, back to the commercial gay scene outside London. The biggest and best club is in Manchester and is called Heroes. You'll find it at Ricefield, off St. John Dalton Street. It's open Monday to Saturday 10pm— 2am. It's an extremely friendly club and welcomes non-members. Its layout is labyrinthine. It has two large bars and a large stainless steel dance floor. The music is first class, with a lot of imported discs. The crowd tends to be very mixed. When I was there, there were about a dozen guys in leather-nothing too outrageous but enough to keep your interest!

One of my other ports of call was Huddersfield, which is on the other coast in the midlands. Huddersfield is very well known for its one gay club which has always enjoyed a fantastically popular reputation in this country. The Gemini at Southgate, Huddersfield, opens from 10pm—3am and the local MSC club meets there on the first and third Saturday of each month. Recently the club was the butt of a lot of police harrassment. Rather than bow to police pressure, the club formed an action committee and fought back, And won! And the case got national coverage in the press. Anyway, the club itself is friendly and welcomes overseas visitors.
Again, a mixed crowd. The place Again, a mixed crowd. The place tends to get packed on weekends. A lot more camp than Heroes, the Gemini organizes "carnival nights" and the like. On Wednesdays, the club usually puts a drag act on. Very little leather here. For some unknown reason, outside the big

cities, the leather fraternity is a bit

thin on the grounds.

Most leather guys move down to
London. Attitudes in the north towards gay people tend to be very

bad. It isn't until we get outside the big cities, where I must admit we get complacent, that we realize what anti-gay feeling is. Whereas, I can walk around Lon-

don in leather jacket and chaps, to do so in the north of England causes a great deal of amusement to the inhabitants. It took me a while to work out why people kept staring at

Sad to report the demise of London's first commercial leather barand only after a few months of existence. The Eagle bar at Heaven, existence. The Eagle bar at Heaven, the capital's largest gay disco, seems to have died a death. It's a shame. It had a helluva lot of potential. Although Heaven still welcomes guys in leather, it's lost that raunchy sexy feeling and has become mixed with the rest of the place and crowd.

Most leather guys here are now concentrating their fun at Subway in Leicester Square. And recently the club started regular cabaret nights on Fridays. And every fortnight, the leather crowd's adopted drag act, the Trollettes, are the star turn. Definitely the place to be.

For those of you into sports, Lon-don has a couple of decent saunagyms. Though, when I say decent, I do mean decent. No sex, like in your run on very strict lines. The first is the Burlington Health Club, at 23 Old Bond Street, WI, (tel 01-409-2989). This is right in the centre of London and very easy to get to. It has a full equipped gynmasium, solarium and massage facilities. It is expensive. But clean and good. And the staff are always really helpful, as

well as being pretty! The other is the Holland Park Sauna, in Shepherds Bush Shopping Centre, W12. It is arranged on three floors and is exceptionally well equipped. The place has recently installed gymnasium facilities. Not as expensive as the Burlington, but it's a bit further out of town. She-pherds Bush tube is the nearest sub-

way stop.

I spent a fun night at MSC London the other day. To try and raise a bit more interest in club activities, MSC organized its first cabaret evening. This consisted of two guys dressed in leather jocks and quite literally beat the shit out of each other. Looking around the club I don't think I've seen so many erections in public for seen so many erections in public ror a long time. And judging by the suc-cess of the thing, I don't think it'll be long before MSC will be doing it again. The club is forging ahead with its plans for a big leather weekend in September. They are hoping to hire a circus big top for their Saturday night party. As soon as I have more details, 171 let you know what they're up to.

I'm looking forward to the end of this month as Subway is organizing its first Mr. Subway competition. The first prize is a trip to the states and judging by the amount of people entering it should be a real eye-ful of an evening. I'm taking my camera, so you should get a look at some of the more hunky

competitors. At last London has its first gay

newspaper for men. . . it's a weekly and it's called Capital Gay. Haven't dummy so far, but it looks like a winner to me. Bright, breezy and unpretentious. It looks as if it won't be afraid to mention sex. Unlike our present gay newspaper, Gay News, which seems to think sex is something to be kept well and truly in a closet. One of the good things about Capital Gay is that it will carry listings of all the events in London for each week. So, if you're coming over here for a visit, it'll be a must to get hold of to know what's going on.

Two of the capital's most well known discos have just undergone complete renovations. The first in the city's gay ghetto, Earls Court, is the Copacabana. It's at 180 Earls Court Road, and opens six nights a week from 9pm—2am. It offers half price drinks on Mondays and Thursdays. The club's really made a fabu-lous job of the remodeling. They've installed a new pool room and another new bar. Tends to be a bit cloney but an excellent pick-up place. Well worth a visit.

The other remodeled club is Bang, in Charing Cross Road. Open for gays only on Monday and Thursday, it has been operating for over six years. It was London's first big gay disco and as such still has a very dedicated following. The crowd tends to be on the younger side but there's always plenty of leather and uniform as well.

Bryan Derbyshire

DRUMMER 69

DRUMMER views the Flicks

AMERICAN WEREWOLF

There are some subjects that you'd think would have a hard time finding their way onto the screen yet again, and werewolf movies must be close to the top of the list. When you watch old reruns of the werewolf films from the 40s and 50s, you watch either for the stylized black and white cinematography or for the camp value of the werewolf genre. Anything after the Lon Chaney classic is a waste of time. Until now, that is, An American Werewolf in London, a film with a title that sounds like absolute boredom, is perhaps the last werewolf movie you'll ever see. And that's fine. because outside of the 'classics', it is the

John Landis, who wrote and directed, was shave realized that there are only two possible approaches for a wereword for activities of the property of the prope

American Werewolf also does something none of the earlier films dared the man, and the wolf, are naked, as one would suspect to be the case when the physical and psychological transformation takes place. It answers the age-old Hollywood question: How come these people never go to the bathroomf It will be interesting to see if mainstream American audiences, coddled into movie victoriathin to them transy years, take to this naked man/wolf running the

The plot is easy enough, as it probably should be when you are banking on overwhelming the viewer's visual senses. Two American hitchhilers, senses, Two American hitchhilers, Tour, find themselves out in the cold in an obscure hamlet in the English countryside. After one of the film's best scenes, in a pub called the Slaughtered content of the sense of t

more rot and decay each time), and the other wakes up in a London hospital with some nasty scratches on his face and chest. He, it turns out, is the new king of the hairy underworld, destined to rip peoples' throats out every full moon.

David Naughton, who plays the American werewolf, plays it straight. His coal black eyes look every bit as confused as a human as his hairy pupils look menacing as a beast. It's pure escapism, but much scarier than custard pie throwing.



First you get a few scratches, then you develope a taste for fresh human blood in An American Werewolf in London.

STEVIE

The Samuel Goldwyn Company has taken two real chances with current non-American films (and no one takes chances in Hollywood anymore). Robert Enders's Stevie, starring Glenda Jackson, is a film that will not appeal to everyone. In fact, it breast almost every rule of popular movie making, all to it's credit.

Stevie is a biographical film treatment based on a London play of the same name about an obscure contemporary English poetess named Stevie Smith who lived in the suburbs, wasn't known to the general public, was awarded the Queen's Prize in poetry (becoming the first woman to be so honored)—and

died as privately as she lived. She worked for a publishing house all her life, a quiet woman in a nondescript office, she read for the BBC addo on control to the she was the she was the she was published. After a childhood illness, she spent her life in the company of an aunt whom she called "the Cetae Lion Xuni" until the went to live with another relative who and become lift, left ill herself, and died of a brain tumor—at the end unable to control the violent erruptions of her

Stevie Smith was a tragic figure in a way. Too few people realized her gift, an inspired insightful eye for the human condition. Even now, few, if any, Ameri-

Stevie Smith's life, quiet, routine, working class—is a lot of lives. If she is taken as an everywoman figure, then her obscurity is her real tragedy.

There are few characters in Enders's in Moders' in and out of scenes to address the audience which is ultimately a character in the illim; the Great Lion aunt (a character) of the control of the contro

Almost the entire film takes place in the same room. It begins one day when Stevie comes home from work to her aunt's awaiting tea and it progresses in a timeless frame that ghrifts backwards and forwards as we learn about Stevie Smith. When Stevie dies the film ends, the unnamed man (played by Trevor Howard) telling us the final agonizing moments of her life.

It's hard to imagine a film like this. Glenda Jackson is magnet that holds all the characters together, but unlike a one-woman show, they are elements germane to the story and add the characters together, but unlike a mercapable. It's easy to say that Stevie's brillant, because it is—it is also cinema are capable. It's easy to say that Stevie's brillant, because it is—it is also cinema and a composition of the more of the more of the more of the more dependent of the more of the mo



Fallen idols, shattered dreams, self re-evaluation face the trio of young men in Spetters, a movie about motorcycles and mores.

SPETTERS

Goldwyn's other gamble is a Dutch film by Paul Verhoeven—a director that has created one amazing film after another (Turkish Delight, Cathy Tippel, Soldier of Orange). This new film, Spetters, illustrates the great difference between European and American films about adolescents.

Spetters is the story of three young men coming of age. They are close friends, motorbike enthusiasts (two are racers, one is a mechanic) and come from a separate, if similar, middle class environment. The elements that coming-of-age symbolize; sexual

awareness, self-realization, social relationship, goals—are explored with an honesty and a spirit of understanding that has yet to surface in American films of the same genre. It may not even be possible, given the mores of our particular situation.

The three young men have visions of themselves, for better or worse, that postulates their reaction to their environment. The interplay between generations is clear: sometimes heartwarming in its understanding, sometimes brutal in its lack. The relationship between the major characters smacks of the same thoughful believability.

Each faces his moment of truth in specific, irrevocable ways—and the films best moments come when characters realize the finality of their individual decisions.

Much has been made of the explicit sexuality in the film, and criticion has been leveled at the grin homosexual rape scene that occurs towards the films conclusion. The sexuality is a bonest as conclusion. The sexuality is a bonest as necessity to the story line that would never even be considered, in good faith, by the establishment American film industry. The sexuality, because of its industry. The sexuality because of its potential exploitation usually a mainstay of less intelligent productions (see The Bille Lagoon or 10 for good examples).

The homosexual rape scene is itself part of a character-montage the likes of which we have never before experienced. The allegation that one of the characters becomes gay because he is raped by a gang of gays comes from people who have not been paying very much attention to the character's development (or to key scenes in the film that proceed the infamous rape).

Generally, American critics have raved over Spetters. Verhoeven is a director that has a proven track record, and has a particular knack for bringing a clarified vision to the screen. Because Spetters is, at its best, the manifestation of universal concepts, it is contemporary film at its best. Spetters should be on your 'must see'. Isi

-John W. Rowberry

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rade paperback) is the best overall
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Christopher Frayling's Spaghertic Westerns is the first real look at Italian-made westerns, a genre that has had a much greater limpact on contemporary films than was ever imagined. This oversized trade paperback (Routledge & Kegan Paul/England, 1981) will take some searching out, but if you are some searching cont, but if you are some searching care ever yell mit hat you will not find a better examination in the future.

DRUMMER 71



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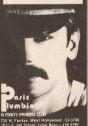
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Dear Sir!

I seem to note some reluctance on your part to credit the Old South with its proper place in the sun, so to with its proper place in the sun, so to speak, as regards our scene. Through the years I have played both M and S roles, although gener-ally finding myself in the S position today-both because of my advancing years and because of the fertile ground I have found since moving into the "Deep South" from Dallas TX, last year. Maybe the southern boys are atoning for the sins of their forefathers. Whatever the case, they are fascinated in the provinces by the S&M scene. Some leather displayed in the bars will assure you of a trick, if he's only curious; but I've found that many of them have eyes bigger than their stomaches, and don't realize what they're getting into. Of course, leathersex is more sophisticated in Atlanta. In Dallas it is well entrenched. Anyway, I'm out doing missionary work for the time being. Probably the publicity accorded recently to leathersex has sparked the fascination.

sparked the fascination.

You missed one point in your
book, a point I've never seen deve-loped. A psychology type (not really
a friend) observed me in two different sessions, working over two com-pliant and experienced Ms, and afterwards he insisted that the Ms, by setting the limits and to an extent planning the scene, were actually in control. In essence, he said, that I was the one being used and dominated. Are you with me? The Southern Proselytizer

Dear Pros: I am certainly pleased to know that such good work is being done in the hinterlands. We certainly need something to counter the smug detractors, even if these efforts must be made on an individual basis. I can see your point in describing the area as "fertile

ground," since a repressive society always tends to produce its rebels aways tends to produce its repeis— a condition for which the Old South has gained some justified renown. As to your "friend's" feeling that the Mall too often dominated the scene Mai too offer dominated the scene through his setting of limits, I com-pletely agree. In fact, I've done a couple of pieces on it in the past, and have drafted some comments to be included in the New Leather-man's Handbook when and if the gay press ever gets its shit together. But that's another story. Thanks for sharing your experiences with us.

Dear Larry.

Dear Larry,
Referring to your comments in a
recent DRUMMER, I'll agree that
"The Ride of the Valkyries" makes
nice background music (though I
was surprised that you'd pay that
much attention to a crew of Amazons!), but have you fucked to "Liebestid!" May I recommend that
constitutions for the property of the prop dramatize intense, focused pain, it would be hard to beat the One Hundred Seconds beginning 1½ minutes into the second movement of Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 5 in E flat.

Musically Stimulated Birmingham, Al.

Dear Musical, Dear Musical, Your suggestions are noted with interest, although with some hesitation since I have already been accused of: 1) Being pseudo-intellectual, 2) An old opera queen, 3) Neglectful of a young M's psychic dear in the state of the state of the second of the se "contemporary music"—all as a result of the column to which you refer. The greatest problem in inte-grating music into the scene, I think, is the timing. Whatever you do, it almost has to be on tape-and a long tape at that-in order to avoid the problem of trying to shuffle records when your fingers are coated with lubricant, or having to break off the action in order to reset the player. Even Wagner has not written anything long enough to cover the entire time, and the planning of your action to meet the placement of various selections on your tape can be extremely difficult. Thus, that one little piece out of the Big B's concerto, while appropriate, is impractical. My own preference runs more to Richard Strauss (Symruns more to Richard Strauss (symphonia Domestica), a string of Liuebestid-type selections, even including the intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana, or the heady love music from Saint-Saens Samson and Dallah Amour L'addista and Delilah, Amour l'ardente flamme from Berlioz's Damnation of Faust. However, I find the voices distracting, so prefer the more popularized versions recorded with just

Dear Mr. Townsend: I see you know something of the scene in Europe, but have never

the orchestra.

mentioned Japan. In this country, most people have no interest in leather clad guys. Our own "underground". She publications have never included photos or drawings of guys in leather. Only recently, since the showing of the showing of the country mentioned Japan. In this country, guvs displaying their dominant or submissive characteristics by the wearing of leather clothing. Of course, in any of our publications— or publications that get past our mail censors being sent in from the USA or elsewhere—are prohibited from showing sexual organs or the hair surrounding them. Such laughable dispositions are applied even to "Newsweek," "Time," "Jours de France," "Stern," etc. I think we need your influence on this side of the ocean.

A Bondage Person Tokyo Dear Person,

Some day I'll visit your country, and I'll do my best. I'm sure our readers will find your observations of interest. (Editor's Note: A recent develop-

ment in Japanese censorship has been that fashion photographers are using leather and S&M images in their work without hinderance. A their Work without hinderance. A recent photo show at a top Tokyo department store looked like it should have been hanging at the Mindshaft, and a well known photographer, Shotgun', has just published a book of leather and S&M. images from San Francisco called "Vibrations". The book is sexually explicit and the censors have not said a word. Maybe a change has come

Dear Larry

along to you.

I am very pleased, after literally I am very pleased, after literally years of searching, to finally make (first) the discovery of DRUMMER, and now you. But, Larry, I've run into quite a problem. I'm in my late 40s. Though I've tried to take care of myself, by this age one begins to get a little pot and the muscles don't hold as well as they used to. I'm very much into SM, but can't seem to located enough contacts to keep located enough contacts to keep some variety. So many only want young studs. Age is something none of us can help. Have you considered trying to help establish contacts for some of us older guys? There is a REAL need! Fred, Atlanta Dear Fred:

It's the old guestion of no one wanting you when you're old and gay. As much as we try to see thew brighter side, the fact remains that it becomes harder to get a partner as one grows older. The one saving grace in our particular community is that an older topman is often in demand because of his skills. If there is someone in your area who wants to meet you, I'll pass his letter





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A man who works at a Guadalune River rafting concession told sheriff's deputies that he was kidnapped by three men, taken downstream by inner tube and sexually assaulted at gunpoint.

The local sheriff told the press that the 21-year-old had been working behind a garage at the Whitewater Sports Wilderness Ranch on the day he was accosted. The victim claims the men were all thirty vears old

The victim also claims that after he was ity, because when an alleged heterosexsexually used by the trio he was left naked on the riverbank with his hands tied behind his back. He made his way to a road, but no one would stop to help

The victim, according to published reports, clearly saw the faces of his captors and has provided good descriptions to the police (according to the sheriff) 3 So if you did it, you better watch out.

Much was made over the sexual activity in the local press without an inkling can find the three men who may or may as to just what the three men did to the not have actually raped the alleged



no public contest of the victim's verasual man claims he has been sexually assaulted by another man, everyone treats it very, very seriously



alleged victim. And so far there has been heterosexual.

KILLER COP GOES FREE

The police officer charged with the killing of Houston gay activist Fred Paez has been found not guilty. Paez was shot at point blank range in the back of the head by the policeman who, standing over him, had forced him to his knees on the ground

The policeman claimed that Paez made a pass at him, and that when he tried to arrest the well-known local activist, Paez resisted arrest, struggled, and that the execution-style shooting was accidental.

CLONE MURDERED S.F. COPS PUZZI FD 28-year-old Castro clone was

stabbed to death on the sidewalk as he walked home. The police admit that the man must have struggled for his life but was overpowered and slaughtered by his assailants. The police have no clues as to the identity of the killers, have no motive for the killing, nor do they think they will ever find the killers, Case closed.

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DRUMMER'S BOOKS

VIET NAM, WESTERNS, FAIRIES AND S&M

Charles Nelson's THe Boy Who Picked Up the Bullets (William Morrow, 1981, 513.95) is a novel written in the form of letters to four persons by a gay Viet Nam medic. Letter novels are difficult, either to read or to write, and many times they don't work because the interplay between characters is removed from the immediate. Two of the four sets of letters work, two do not—which means half this book is good and half of it is difficult.

The protagonist writes to his grandmother, to his cousin (a woman), to a non-gay friend, and to his best gay friend. The last two correspondents provide the meat of the writer's message and tell us how he feels about the war and how he surives as a gay man in Viet Nam. Almost needless to say, while other books have touched on sex among soldiers in Viet Nam, here the to the grandmother and cousin are, after a while, exclusin are, after a while, exclusin are,

Dan Dakota's Rezo Strange (Leaf Press, 1981, \$5.95, trade paperback) is a gay western. True to the genre, it is filled with the mythology of the American vision at the turn of the century in the western states. While the gay sensibility of the title character is what the book hinges on, it is not the real issue. That's to the book's credit. And if you have a

fancy for westerns, you'll appreciate it. John Crowley's Little, Big (Bantam, 1981, trade paperback) is a transplanted combination of The Little Prince and The Lord of the Rings in a time (timeless, but centered around New York in 1960) and a place (universal, but drifting mainly between England and America) and about an uncommon man named Smoky who marries an uncommon woman named Daily and settles down to a life of dreaming that brings the past and the present together. I have to admit that I was never very sure what Little, Big was supposed to be about, or where it was headed, And even now, although I liked great parts of it, I'm not really sure I could recommend it: but under it all is a fine exercise in writing that captures the readers attention regardless and maintains it for over 500 pages. There are a lot of fairies (the supernatural kind) and great moments of sweeping passion and descriptive writing; yet constantly I thought I was being taught a lesson (not unlike John Fowles' The Magus), and I'm still not sure what the lesson was.



Fantoccini is only the second Kirby Congdon book I've read. The first, Dream-Work(published in 1970) is unquestionably the finest collection of erotic gay prose-poetry I've come across, Fantoccini, especially as a followup, is even better. Congdon has such an understanding of his particular sexual vision-which is caught up in images of leathermen, motorcycles, and sexual violence-that he can transmit visceral expressions onto the printed page with exact clarity. In Dream-Work Congdon limited the focus of the individual pieces to creating a mythology that the reader might find akin to William S. Burroughs or Kenneth Anger, From that personification, Fantoccini grew, so that now Congdon is presenting an alternative world (as opposed to a sub-cultural one) which revolves around an enigmatic cult, frightening and appealing in alternately passionate waves. You can spend a lot of time thinking about the writing in Fanticcini, and you may never understand what Congdon is hinting at-but you sure won't be bored. Fantoccini (Little Ceasar Press, 1981, oversized paperback, \$5.95) may not be easy to locate, but it's worth the effort,

-Charles Musgrave

HENDRIX BORN AGAIN

David Henderson's over-weight biography of Jimi Hendrik, Voodoo Child of the Aquarius Age has been re-edited, revised, and re-issued by Bartam Books (1981, 400 pages, trade paperback, 58.95) under the new title: 'Scuse Me While I Kiss The Sky. The title change is a good

Critics who wadded through Henderson's magnum opus the first time either proclaimed it as a visionary masterpiece of rock biography or dismissed it as a contrived piece of exhausting research and regurgation. I leaned towards the latter. The re-edited version, all 400 pages of it, and the title change sounded good. However, the basic fault of the original is suffered by the offspring: Henderson writes with a style-less pen dipped in heavily affected ink. His experiments in setting mood and flavor come off like so much spaced-out conversation with an acid freak in a moment of lucidity. The intention of the writing it seems, is to create a symbosis between an abstract (the experience of limi Hendrix) and a known (objective reportage) That is not what is achieved, and it is more than just questionable if such journalistic experimentation was even necessary to bring Hendrix back to life.

But ocassionally Henderson will produce a tableau or a paragraph that literally sings its way off the page, bringing Hendrix or someone around him brillantly alive in front of the reader. It is not so much the product of the author's ability to capture Hendrix's essencethat tags along efforlessly in such instances-as it is in the ability to suspend time with the writing. A good example is an exchange between Hendrix and Janis Joplin backstage before a performance. Sharing a bottle of Southern Comfort, and details about their lives the music that influences them Henderson weaves an enchantment over the reader. As Hendrix watches loplin sing from the edge of the stage. the magic is complete; even never having heard nor seen either perform, the incident is brought vividly to life.

What Henderson does with such material is sometimes amazing, sometimes disasterous. This book could have been another Buried Alive With The Blues, but it isn't.

-Charles Musgrave DRUMMER 81







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parole to San Francisco.
Unless parolees haved a home and a job for return to upon their release, the financial aid supplied to them by the California Department of Corrections is not enough for them to find suitable housing, food, etc., to re-establish themselves in

our society.

It is the aim of Alpha House to provide food, shelter, monetary, educational, employment and emotional assistance to gay men and women ex-offenders through motivation and personal development, through counseling, job market orientation, potential employer contact and remedial instruction.

contact and remedial instruction. If you can provide or locate employment for prisoners being released, or wish to volunteer your services, or just want to know most about Alpha House, please context and the provided of th

PRISONERS

Gay man, 19, 5'7", blond hair and blue eyes, doing five years and has no one to write to, no family. Horace Melvin Pope, #033822, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

Gay writer in prisoner would like correspondence. Gerald Cochran, #10809, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360.

I am 22 years old, W/m, 5'10", 130 lbs., brown hair and eyes. I will be getting out this year and am looking for a possible relationship or friendship. I'm gay and am sincere, have been in here a while, and am lonely. Danny Sargent, P.O. EF-113931-H3, B-Unit G.S.P., Reidsville, GA 30499.

I've been incarcerated for 19 months and hope to get out in October or November. I'm a gay, W/m, 29, 165 lbs., 5'10', brown hair and brown eyes. I am seeking new friends so I can make a fresh start of my life. Will answer ali. Richard Branford, V.B.C.C., Box 6096, Virginia Beach, FL 22456.

Male, 20 years old, 5'2", 100 lbs., blond hair and green eyes, hairless and smooth body seeking someone to take care of me on a permanent basis. Will be out in a year. No head trips, please, only serious and sincere. Dan Goodrick, #13304-A, Box 14 Unit 7, Boise, ID 83707.

Goodlooking, well built, 38, would like correspondence. Kenny Hicks, C-03949 G-246, CTF Central, Soledad, CA 93960.

36, 6', 160 lbs., brown hair and eyes, Indian/German background, like sports and music. Jay Reed, #161-335, Box 69, London, OH 43140.

Gay W/m, 29, 6'3", 165 lbs., brown hair, green eyes, into the outdoors and beautiful men. No family, very lonely. Sam Floyd, #160553, Box 69, London, OH 43140.

38 year old, goodlooking and well built, would like to hear from gay people. Chas. Bernal, C-21952 G-238, CTF Central, Soledad, CA 93960.

W/m, 42, 6', 195 lbs., blond hair and hazel eyes, looking for someone to build a permanent relationship with when I get out. Francis E. Sullivan Jr., #063128, Box 1100-1331, Avon Park, Fl. 33825.

Would like correspondence. P. Wm. Unbehaum, #20162-148, La Tuna, Box 1000, Anthony, TX 88021.

I am 32,6'2", 185 lbs., blond hair and green eyes, gay, have a gentle nature, a degree in Accounting. Am intelligent and like to correspond. David E. Wilkins, #254356, Ellis Unit (G-13), Huntsville, TX 77340.

I am 22 years old, 5'9", 155 lbs., have long blond hair and blue eyes, am getting outsoon, and am looking for correspondence with gay men. Martin Lilley, P#115 C-07038, Box 2000. Yacaville, CA 95696.

Versatile, 29 years old, 6'3", 185 lbs., wish to hear from anyone, rejected by family. Jesse Whiting, #163763, Box E, Jackson, MI 49204.

Thirty-year-old black man, 6'3", brown eyes and black afro, is lonely and wishes correspondence. No family or friends are writing to me. Danny Cathey, #152202, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699.

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VIRGINIA STUD

This 24 year old, 140 lb. Virginia stud is into leather, uniforms, (Police Uniforms are number one on his list) and wrestlers. And he's at: Box 5502, Richmond, VA 23220. -If you want to challenge him to a match.



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PORTLAND DRILLER

Todd, a 35-year-old stud from Oregon is into finding obedient slaves for his every sexual pleasure. He can be found hanging out at Folsom Cell in Portland (especially when Raunchy Robert is on duty at the bar).



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TWO GREAT ORIGINALS







It has been five years since the celebrated Slave Auction at the Mark IV baths in Los Angeles On that memorable night then-Chief "Crazy Ed" Davis launched a massive police raid on the charity affair and continual attack on the Gay Community. Davis first claimed only sixty-some officers participated in the night's activities, later had to admit to well over 100. Following a silly press conference two days after the raid, the L.A.P.D. then changed tactics and refused to disclose any information to the press "for fear of prejudicing the trial." Among the unanswered questions was How much money did Davis and his henchmen piss away that night on an event that was later to leave him and them with egg on their collective faces?

That question was asked then in the L.A. City Council by councilpersons Peggy Stevenson and Joel Wachs. This month, only five years later, at the insistence of another councilmember, Zev Yaroslavsky, the L.A.P.D., now under the directorship of Davis hand-picked successor, took another pr. tact.

The article at the right is from the Los Angeles Herdid-Examiner, whose reporting of the Incident was far superior to coverage of the bigger L.A. Times, a bit of a reversal in it. self. At the time of the raid, the Herdid-Examiner, long a low no order advocate, gave much sensitional space to the raid, and the self-angeles of the raid, and the self-angeles of the raid, and the sense of the four persons eventually charged first with "slavery," then "procuring the processing the self-angeles and the self-angeles angeles and the self-angeles angeles and the self-angeles an

In our opinion, the article and the statements by the police spokesperson, speak for themselves.



5 years after raid on gays, council gets answers, gives a warning

Los Angeles City Councilman Zev Yaroslawsky yesterday dusted off a 1976 case involving a police raid against a homosexual party to make a point: He won't handle the Police Department with

kid gloves. Yaroslavsky, chairman of the council's Police, Fire and Public Safety Committee, reprimanded police at a committee meeting for their treatment of council concerns about the raid. He condemned the raid itself, which cost at least \$17.83.09.6 to launch, as a "waste

of money."

The raid resulted in the arrests of 40 persons attending a homosexual "slave auction" on April 10, 1976, at the now-defunct Mark IV Baths in Hollywood. At the event, staged to raise money for a charity, male slaves were auctioned off to the highest bidders, reportedly in return for sexual favors.

Three days after the raid, seven council members endorsed a motion authored by current council President Joel Wachs and seconded by Yaroslawsky directing the Police Department to prepare a report answering eight questions about the raid. The questions challenged the department to justify the expense and public good served by the raid. But the council didn't receive the

But the council didn't receive the police report until yesterday, and only after Yaroslavsky decided to make a point by resurrecting the case as a way of warning the Police Department that he expects it to be fully accountable to the council.

"When a councilman makes a motion, he's entitled to have it acted on," said Yaroslavsky, who said the Police Department delay irritated him.

Yaroslavsky was appointed recently to head the police oversight committee and was given a mandate to probe the Police Department thoroughly.

In presenting the belated report, Deputy Chief Lew Ritter answered each of the eight questions posed by the council in its original 1976 motion. Ritter estimated that the raid cost the

department about \$18,000, but admitted this did not account for all city costs. Eventually, miscellaneous sex-related misdemeanor charges were dropped

misdemeanor charges were dropped against 36 of the defendants.

Yaroslavsky and fellow committee member Joy Pictus also tried to find out if the department today would conduct a similar raid against a sexual-type "slave auction" involving consenting adults.

Police Capt. James Docherty, of the department's administrative wee unit, said the Police Department has become more "sophisticated" about the phenomenon since 1976. He indicated that one reason the raid was launched with such force was that the department expected to get a "more violent greeting than was actually got" upon raiding the bath house.

Ritter also told the committee that if a similar event occurred today and "if it were totally private, and between consenting adults, we're not going to do anything. If its going to be at Hollywood and Vine, we'll be there."

Pressed further, Ritter said a similar raid "might" not happen now. "That's good," said Yaroslavsky.

by John Schwada/Herald Examiner



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